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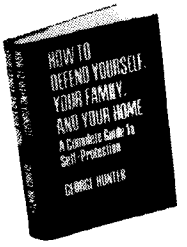

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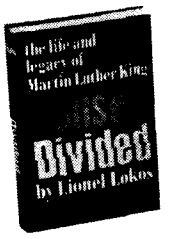

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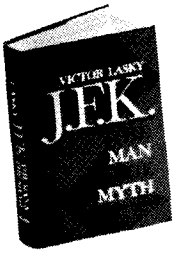

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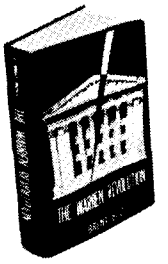

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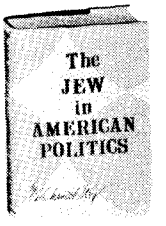

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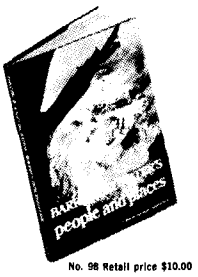

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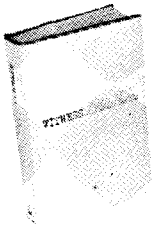

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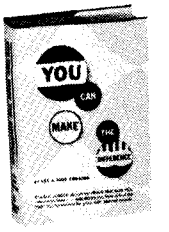

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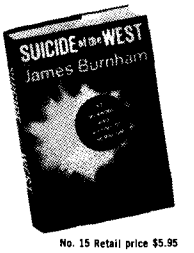

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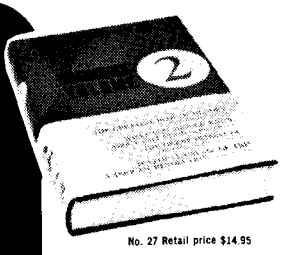

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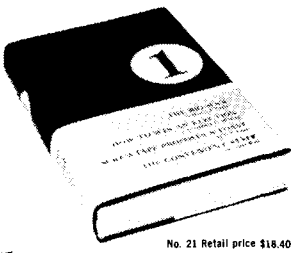

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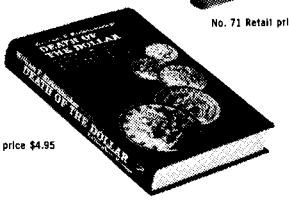

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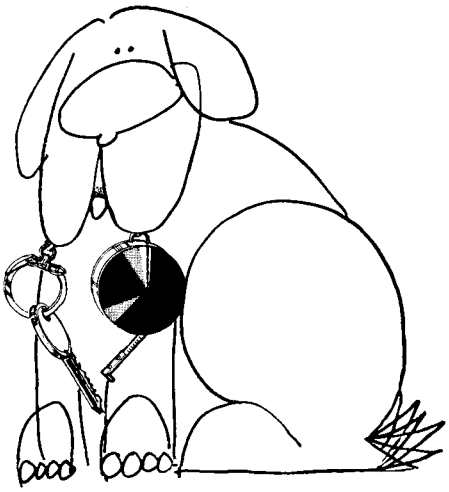

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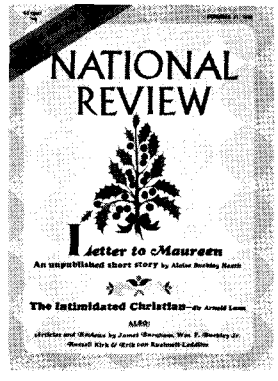
IN THIS ISSUE

■ This Christmas as for twelve Christmases past, we are pleased to greet you with a story, found among her papers, from the pen of **Aloise Buckley Heath.** Mrs. Heath's story, some say a recollection, is about a little girl and her love/hate affair with the U.S. mails; Wm. F. Buckley introduces it in Notes & Asides. . . . And we have a seasonal message from **Arnold Lunn** on the deplorable failure of Christians to defend the Faith against the humanist-Marxist line of attack. Sir Arnold, now in his eighties and flourishing despite four serious operations in the last year, is engaged in co-authoring (with an Anglican writer) a book on the theme, "Will Christianity Survive?" . . . The Republican Governors' conference in Palm Springs early this month was a bona-fide newsmaking event, says **John R. Coyne Jr.**, who covered it. Even so, the newsmen chose to play up a single remark made *in camera* by Ted Agnew. Puzzling it all out, Mr. Coyne comes up with some insights into the ways of media, which he will apply in good cause when he joins the *NR* staff in February. . . . It's back to **Max Geltman** we go for further thoughts on the New York City school situation, prompted by our editorial of December 3. Mr. Geltman, who had filed an earlier report in these pages, doesn't agree with what we say, and we doggedly defend his right to say it again.



■ **James Burnham** airs the charges of torture brought against the Greek military junta in relation to anti-torture campaigns (try and find a few) directed against anti-Western regimes. . . . And what of military dictatorship in general? **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** shakes up some Anglo-Saxon prejudices with a European view. . . . Oh, no! Deweyite theories, which have miseducated whole generations of Americans, are taking over England and Scotland. Can, **Russell Kirk** wonders, they catch it in time? . . . In Rome the thing to do on the holidays is conk your neighbor. Our man in the Mediterranean, **Charles Foley,** ducks, and reports.

■ Two books that think ahead to the next fifty years are weighed by **Richmond Crinkley**, political analyst, drama critic and professor of English (University of North Carolina). . . . Professor (English, Dartmouth) **Jeffrey Hart** rates Roy Campbell as man and poet. . . . **Thomas H. Jukes**, a new contributor, is with the Space Sciences Laboratory at the University of California, Berkeley. . . . The Living Theatre brought its brand of Village idiocy to Brooklyn, and now staff member **K. Craig Chawkins** knows what it means to live in an unstructured environment.

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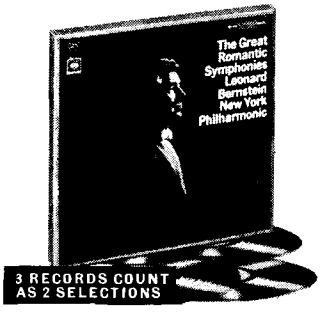
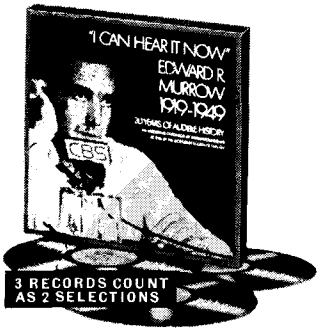
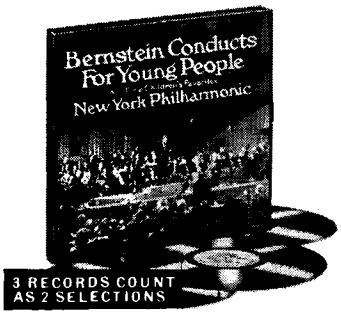
Ormandy conducts the premiere recording of this recently completed symphony; Lili Chookasian, Richard Lewis are soloists in "Das Lied"



2911-2912. Bernstein Conducts Great Romantic Symphonies
Franck's Symphony in D Minor; Dvorak's "New World" Symphony; Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony



5853-5854. I Can Hear It Now
Here is Edward R. Murrow's unique "audible history" of 1919 to 1949. The actual sounds and voices enable you to relive the great events of these momentous years



6780-6781. Bernstein Conducts For Young People
Peter and the Wolf; Night on Bald Mountain; Carnival of the Animals; The Sorcerer's Apprentice; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks; 3 more

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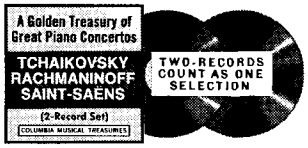

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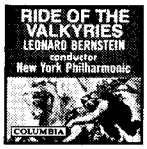

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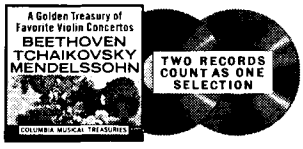

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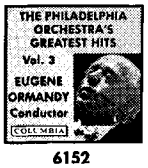

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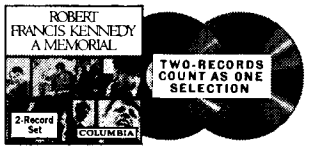

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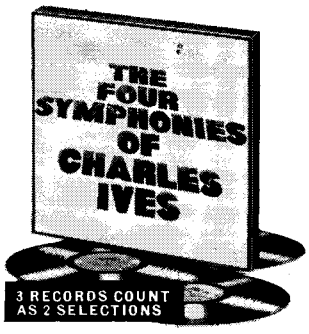

6841-6842. Charles Ives: The Four Symphonies
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2919-2920-2921-2922-2923. Beethoven's Nine Symphonies
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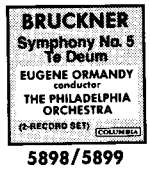

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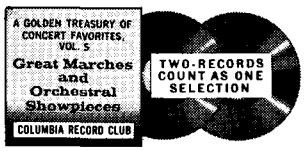
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LETTERS

Fixed v. Free

In his generous review of my book, *Dollars and Deficits* [*NR*, Dec. 17], Kenneth O. Miller makes one statement that I feel impelled to comment on, in order to avoid misunderstanding about my views. He writes, "Certainly, free exchange rates would be doomed to failure without the simultaneous adoption of a stabilizing monetary policy similar to the one Friedman suggests."

Nearly the opposite seems to me to be correct. If the U.S. and other major countries were to adopt such a stabilizing monetary policy, free exchange rates, while still desirable, would not be a necessity. The stabilizing monetary policies would assure that the equilibrium exchange rates among different currencies would vary only gradually and by small amounts. Hence it might be feasible to operate with exchange rates that were fixed for long periods at a time, the small deviations between the fixed rates and the equilibrium rates being accommodated by drawing on or adding to reserves.

If other countries do not adopt a stabilizing monetary policy, then the U.S. can do so only if we also permit exchange rates to be free, thereby reconciling our stabilizing policy with the unstable policies of other countries, or if we can insulate our economy from others by some mixture of exchange controls and exchange rate changes.

If neither the U.S. nor other major countries adopt a stabilizing monetary policy, as they have not to date (with the possible exception of Germany), free exchange rates offer the only effective means of minimizing the harm done to international trade by such destabilizing monetary policies. Fixed rates are then impossible, as experience has shown, although the fiction of fixed rates may be maintained, the devaluations and revaluations being concealed by taxes and subsidies and exchange restrictions of infinite variety.

Transactions among currencies are no exception to the general rule that the free market is most important when circumstances are changing most unpredictably. A static, stagnant society can more readily dispense with free markets than a dynamic, volatile society.

Chicago, Ill. MILTON FRIEDMAN

A Reply

As far as I can see, the only point of contention between Professor Friedman and myself derives from his belief that ". . . free exchange rates offer the only effective means of minimizing the harm done to international trade by such destabilizing monetary policies." This is really what the free *v.* fixed exchange rates debate boils down to. The statement in my review to which he objects reflects my own view on this point. It was not intended to represent Professor Friedman's.

New Milford, N.J. KENNETH O. MILLER

Conscience and Taxes

In your Dec. 3 issue, you ask, with an eye on the American Catholic bishops' endorsement of selective conscientious objection, "a) what rights has the society when it needs even the services of those with refractory consciences; and b) what are the social obligations of individuals to the majority that makes corporate decisions; and c) what about the offended conscience of the individual who does not wish to participate in a particular social scheme and asks pro tanto relief from taxation?"

I answer: a) an individual has the right to his own life and to dispose of it as he sees fit, and b) the only social obligation an individual (being the smallest minority) has is to respect the rights of others as they must respect his, and c) an individual who refuses to pay his taxes will get what's coming to him, unfortunately. Nevertheless, taxes are also a violation of an individual's right to his produce but until government is restored to its purpose of protecting rights and a system of voluntary taxation is instituted, taxes will remain a nuisance.

Notre Dame, Ind. THOMAS E. VERKUILEN

. . . Section 1402 of the Internal Revenue Code contains provisions whereby clergy and members of "religious sects" who object to participation in "insurance" may seek and be granted exemption from Social Security taxes, if they renounce the benefits. There are several fine points in the law such as: (1) one must belong to a sect, (2) the sect must have been in existence at all times since December 31, 1950. One must also be opposed to accepting benefits from private insurance.

These fine points apparently exclude atheists, as well as those people who prefer to form their own consciences without the crutch of some pressure group. Excluded also are those fussy people who see rather large differences between Social Security and private insurance contracts.

I am willing to contribute $100 to the expense of a lawsuit that would give Earl Warren and Company an opportunity to explain this law to us in the light of "the *equal* protection of the law" clause.

Fort Dodge, Iowa D. M. KELLY

Harassing von Dreele

Please kiss W. H. von Dreele for me. I will carry his "Alas, Harass" [Dec. 3] in my wallet forever and when the occasion arises, whip it out, have it at the ready, and in a clear, steady voice announce I am harried.

Takoma Park, Md. RITA M. VENEZIANI

As satirist none can surpass
Von Dreele—I mean the man has class.
Except on one occasion when
He ventured out beyond his ken.
As lexicographer, alas,
Let's face it, Bill von Dreele's a ass.
Both *har*ass and har*ass* appear
In Webster's, where it's made quite clear
There can't be two *both* listed first.
In fact, the two could be reversed.
Poor Bill. He must have been har*ass*ed . . .
Or possibly just slightly gassed?
Yet justice bids me add one note:
I cannot damn the man who wrote,
"Je suis appalled by Charles de Gaulle."
For this one line I'm in his thrall.

Sharon, Conn. JANE B. VON SMITH

Picayune, He Says

Ferdinand Mount's article "Now You See It, Now You . . ." in the Dec. 3 issue was most informative about European attitudes.

Mr. Mount's assessment of the American political scene I think is right—with one exception. The sentence "George Wallace's picayune appeal proved a local phenomenon" is not in accord with the facts. Forty-five electoral votes is small but certainly not picayune. To the nine million who actually voted for Wallace should be added many millions more throughout the nation for whom he also had a great appeal, as shown by polls.

Madison, N. J. ALBERT G. GANZ

A Reply

"Picayune" does not mean that George Wallace's appeal was tiny, but that it was "of little value, paltry, also petty, small-minded" (Webster's Dictionary). Mr. Wallace could have won the Presidency, but his appeal would still have been, in my opinion, picayune.

London FERDINAND MOUNT

Chavez and Right to Work

In response to George Horowitz's letter ["Chavez *v.* Mendoza," Dec. 3] let the record show that he is misinformed, not NATIONAL REVIEW.

The basic issue, which the "popular" press has studiously refrained from publicizing is simple: the grape boycott is a major effort to compel growers to force the workers to join a union they don't want to join voluntarily.

To date the only contracts César Chavez has signed contain compulsory union

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shop clauses. This means the workers join Chavez or they don't work. So an election is not a solution to the workers' problem —the solution is a Right to Work law protecting the individual's right *to join or not to join without losing his job*. Mendoza knows this, NATIONAL REVIEW knows this and our aim is to get the public to know this.

The thing to keep uppermost in mind in reviewing this problem is that Chavez and the AFL-CIO are only interested in contracts with compulsory union shop clauses. If they can't get membership and thus millions of dollars of dues monies via the compulsion route—the easy route—then they will quickly lose interest in farm workers.

Actually it is the only way they can get the workers to join. After three years of intensive organizational efforts, the expenditure of some $10 million by the AFL-CIO and a nationwide product boycott, less than 2 per cent (yes, that's right, 2 per cent) of the California farm workers belong to Chavez's union!

Washington, D.C. HUGH C. NEWTON
National Right to Work Committee

On Not Learning Swahili

"Teacher, May We Please . . ." [*NR*, Dec. 3] is a gross oversimplification of a complex series of problems. . . . As early as last May, when the courts started a series of rulings against the OHB governing board, the City should have acted to assure that law was obeyed. When nearly a half a year later the UFT acted with the only means left, Lindsay denounced them for breaking the law. Lindsay and *NR* seem to forget that we only broke the law as last resort and after everyone else concerned had been breaking it for half a year.

Staten Island, N.Y. MARTIN L. LEBOWITZ

For more on Ocean Hill-Brownsville, see The Open Question, p. 1324. —ED.

On Learning to Read

I have been a voracious reader of NATIONAL REVIEW for several years and I feel I must report that one of the most interesting and informative articles I have ever enjoyed was Russell Kirk's "Progress in Basic Readers" [Dec. 3].

I am the mother of one extremely inquisitive and bright four-year-old who can't wait to learn how to read. Although I am a high school English teacher (retired), I have been puzzled about the correct approach to the problem. Perhaps Mr. Kirk has solved that problem and through the Open Court Method I will be able to set her off into the fantastic world of literature.

My thanks to you all!

Port Washington, N.Y. PAMELA LO GALBO

Corliss on Movies

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(Continues on page 1336)

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THE WEEK

■ The junta *du jour* is in Brazil. Consult your local bruxist for the time and place of gnash-in.

■ According to Vincent Baker, chairman of the anti-crime committee of the New York branch of the NAACP, "it is not police brutality that makes people afraid to walk the streets at night . . . it is criminal brutality." In a report recently issued condemning terrorism in Harlem, the committee made the following demands:

—Added protection, including more policemen on Harlem beats and "armed guards in every house in all public housing projects."

—Harsher sentences, including a ten-year minimum for narcotics sellers and at least thirty years for those convicted of first-degree murder. The report also urged five years for muggers—even first offenders—"with no time off for good behavior and no eligibility for parole during that period."

—Swifter court disposition of criminal cases.

—Provision to combat "the menace of vagrancy"; "tickets back home" for those who come in from other cities; "adequate temporary shelters" for the city's homeless and "vigorous" enforcement of anti-vagrancy laws.

The NAACP has apparently not been informed that "law-and-order" is a code word for anti-Negro prejudice.

■ Postmaster-designate Blount has said that he might entertain the idea of reorganizing the Post Office as a federal corporation. If he means making it more businesslike, we're not against that; but the Post Office won't be businesslike simply because it adopts the outward form of business, while retaining its artificial exemption from the one force that makes business businesslike. In the absence of competition the Post Office will goof off forever. Let free enterprise compete to carry the mails, and we wouldn't care if the Post Office were the hereditary fiefdom of the Rockefellers.

■ During the past three months there has been a sharp, dangerous rise in antisemitic activity in New York. No fewer than eleven Jewish synagogues have been vandalized, one virtually gutted by a fire police officials believe to be outright arson. Ancient and treasured parchments and prayer scrolls which somehow managed to survive the gluttonies of the Nazis have been burned and mutilated; students at an Orthodox day school in the Bronx have been so harassed by roving gangs of delinquents that, according to one rabbi, "our educational process has been effectively throttled." Recently, Mayor Lindsay, who had drastically increased police protection and surveillance in the areas affected, announced the arrest of ten young men allegedly responsible for at least some of the desecrations. Seven are teen-agers, and, oddly enough, considering the most probably overstated but nonetheless exacerbated tensions between the Negro and Jewish communities, all are white.

■ Now listen. The Free World monetary system is pegged to the U.S. dollar. The dollar, by solemn covenant, is pegged to gold at $35 the ounce. The whole duty of the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury is to assure, and reassure, and doubly reassure the world that the U.S. will cleave to this commitment. Mr. David Kennedy, who has been nominated to be the next Treasury Secretary, has refused to express that commitment. In so doing he has either served warning that the dollar will be devalued, or he has announced himself as being unable to perform the duties of the Treasury Secretary, which include global fibbing.

■ Some good ideas from an unexpected source on the United Nations. It's Lester Pearson, former Prime Minister of Canada, former President of the UN General Assembly and longtime chief Canadian delegate to the UN, who had these points to make in the first of his Reith lectures. 1) the UN should be split into regional assemblies: Western Hemisphere, Europe, Africa and one or two for Asia, which would meet every year on regional problems. 2) The UN General Assembly itself would meet only every three years or so as a sort of town meeting of the world. 3) There should be a new system of weighted voting that would reflect the relative strength and power of the member nations. And 4) the UN should have a permanent peace force that could be sent to trouble spots. Good for Pearson on numbers one, two and three. Number four should be explored.

■ The eastern flank of the state of Sabah is located on the Celebes sea, northeast of Brunei and north of Kalimantan. Question: Where is Sabah? So. This former British crown colony (as almost every travelogue begins) is situated directly between Malaysia and the Philippines and, until recently, was the source of an almost fulminating rancor between the two countries. In 1963, Sabah gained its territorial independence and joined the Federation of Malaysia. But the Philippine government promptly challenged the Malaysian right to Sabah as, it claimed, even *before* it had come under the British dominion, Sabah belonged to the Filipino heirs of the Sultan of Sulu. Think of that! In any case, after much fire and brimstone which not only resulted in the termination of diplomatic relations between Malaysia and the Philippines but threatened the prospects for regional cooperation throughout Southeast Asia, the matter was simply shelved, by mutual agreement, for one year—until both countries hold elections. Now, who

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"Now we wait until midnight. . . ."

owns Sabah? Nobody. Who's fighting over Sabah? Just now, nobody. So.

■ In the center ring: Ibos *v.* Hausas in Nigeria; to your right and moving up fast in the news media: Catholics *v.* Protestants in Northern Ireland; over on the left find that old favorite, Arabic Muslims *v.* black Christians in the Sudan. Don't miss the sideshows: Italian-speakers *v.* German-speakers in the Tyrol, Tamils *v.* Sinhalese in Ceylon, Karens and Shans *v.* Burmans, Hindus *v.* Nagas in Assam, *Quebeçois v.* Anglo-Canadians, Bahutu *v.* Watusi in Rwanda and Burundi—any of them could make the big time tomorrow, should a few reporters show up. And don't forget Flamings *v.* Walloons in Belgium, or Basques *v.* Spaniards *v.* Catalans—both are due to hit the come-back trail any day. Oh, and keep an eye on Welsh *v.* English when Prince Charles is installed as Prince of Wales next year; and on this toddler with big potential: Just the other day the French government had to evict a group of separatist monks from a previously abandoned monastery in (legally French but ethnically Celtic) Brittany. Who says the greatest danger to mankind is war *between* nations?

■ Here's the hard sell, Red China-style, the reason revolutionaries everywhere are urged to buy six Red Chinese magazines. We quote it in full: "Revolutionary people all over the world want to know. . . . how the Chinese people, under the brilliant leadership of their great leader Chairman Mao, holding aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and studying and applying Chairman Mao's works creatively, are carrying on the great proletarian cultural revolution and building the new, socialist China; how they are firmly supporting the revolutionary struggles of all the oppressed nations and people; how they are steadfastly opposing imperialism headed by the United States, modern revisionism with the Soviet revisionist renegade clique as its center, and the reactionaries of all countries. The following periodicals tell how. . . ."

■ A business executive who does a great deal of traveling writes: "On Eastern's shuttle flight back to New York from Washington a young black man (goatee, natural hair, dark glasses, boots, blue denim suit, black turtleneck and assorted bangles) refused to pay the stewardess and was notably rude. 'I ain't *ready* to pay, Honky! Just don't bother me.' She kept her cool and had the pilot radio ahead to arrange a welcoming committee for the balky passenger. Several Eastern ground personnel were on hand to usher him into a room and press him for the fare. I asked a ground personnel man, a Mr. Burke, why the N.Y. Port Authority *police* had not been called. He said they won't make an arrest unless the airline is prepared to press charges. The airline will not press charges and 'risk a lot of bad publicity for an $18 fare.' I suggested that if people get away with bilking the company they might spread the word and this kind of thing could become a real problem. 'Could *become* a problem?' he shot back. 'Right now it happens several times a week. And it's always the same type —these militants.' On the same plane, by the way, were several other Negroes—including servicemen, Vietnam veterans. They paid. One wonders why they, or Eastern's stockholders, or the U.S. Government, should be subsidizing these free riders."

■ A correspondent passes along news of an incident that occurred in late August at the National Liturgical Conference in Washington, D.C. One of the scheduled participants was Herbert Aptheker of the Communist Party, U.S.A. Owing to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Conference was requested to cancel Mr. Aptheker's appearance. It refused, in the interests of "dialogue." It was requested to vote on a resolution condemning the Soviet action. Refused. It agreed, however, to put to Mr. Aptheker some "hard" questions. Our correspondent retired, to return later with a set of six of the hardest questions he could think of ("Is the Church an enemy marked for destruction at the appropriate time?" "Are Communist groups and cells being organized within the

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churches?"). As he began passing out copies of these questions to the assembled conferees, "someone," to quote our correspondent's letter, "appeared from the depths of the conference room where Aptheker was speaking and asked me to cease and desist distribution. I refused, pleading the right of free speech and the desirability of a meaningful dialogue. Whereupon a security guard was summoned and told to eject me from the hotel. I pointed out that in a recent Supreme Court case, *Amalgamated Food Union, Local 590* v. *Logan Valley Plaza, Inc.*, the Court had found that the owner of private property had no right to curtail free speech on his property as long as it was open to the public. The security guard had never heard of the case. I said, 'You don't like the ruling of the Supreme Court. The fact is, I don't either.' And I departed peaceably, not wishing to test the constitutionality of passing out questionnaires in the Sheraton Park Hotel. I have yet to hear whether Aptheker answered any of my questions. Or any others like them."

■ The *Wall Street Journal*, in a recent editorial, states with some warmth the classic case against federal snooping—in this case, the proposed Household Survey to be conducted in 1970 along with the decennial census. What business is it of Uncle Sam's, asks the *Journal*, how many bathtubs you own? The *Journal* is not alone. Some forty bills have been submitted in Congress to restrict the snooping of the Federal Government and/or provide for voluntary response to the market-survey portions of the census. It is quite possible that the campaign begun in these pages in 1960 (see "The Fourth House," *NR*, May 19, 1960) will be crowned with success in 1970.

■ Heard the latest? All us Christians gotta repent! Thus saith the Rev. Dr. Carlyle Marney, a Presbyterian who runs something called Interpreter's House, the function of which is perhaps to interpret things like Dr. Marney's call, to two thousand worshipers in New York, for "a vast repentance" by Christianity (a "fifth-rate power") for its "anti-humanity," its "racism" and its "turning of God's good into a curse." Repent! Repent! After you, Dr. Marney.

■ Twampenda yule kina bwana Max Geltman, lakini kama angelijifunza Kiswahili shuleni kama ilivyompasa asingeshughulika kujua maana ya fungu hili la maneno.

Think Tank

(Dedicated to Spiro Agnew)

If Russians genuinely shrink
From confrontation with the Chink,
  I think
The Chink, although a deeper pink,
Could prove a most rewarding link
  To sink
The Russians, shrinking from the brink. . .
Let's not be beastly to the Chink,
  I think?

W. H. VON DREELE

Heavy, Heavy, Over His Head

Quite clearly the Paris talks are marking time. The war meanwhile goes on—the war in the field and the propaganda war. In the former our side has not been doing too badly, and even in the latter we would be at least holding our own if it weren't for our own publicists, not to speak of Secretary Clifford and Senator McGovern. Why is it that the Huntleys and Brinkleys of this world must always focus their very considerable critical talents on what they see as the foibles, follies and crimes of the members of our team? Even if the Huntley-Brinkley-McGovern accounts were correct as far as they go, couldn't they find an occasional moment to mention a few of the beams in the other fellows' eyes? Take this flap over the shape of the table/tables. If the Saigon crowd is being so nit-picking spoil-sport about it, what about the Hanoi crowd? Why is it OK for them to make a fuss over table design, but childish sabotage when the South Vietnamese do? But of course it's not nit-picking or childish on either side. The table shape is close to the heart of the matter, and the argument over it is just as relevant and significant as a dispute over where a cease-fire line should be drawn or how a future South Vietnamese government should be made up. The table-shape, in truth, will foreshadow the outcome of those two other issues. All of them express the same realities as measured by the given relationship of forces and wills.

But no one is in a hurry in Paris at the moment. Vice President Ky is proving, so far, a happy addition. He has been handling himself well (*cf.*, if you can tear yourself away from Huntley, Brinkley and Cronkite, the impressive interview in the Dec. 23 issue of *U.S. News & World Report*), and the very attractive Madame Ky has easily upstaged Hanoi's grim-pussed Madame Binh. But Ky knows, like the others, that real business will have to wait at least until January 20.

And what is Richard Nixon going to do about the Vietnamese war after January 20? That is his big, his biggest question, and he is going to be under an avalanche of pressures from every point of the compass to Do Something About It, and quick; not the least of the pressures, from within. Unquestionably Mr. Nixon will feel himself under the paradigm set by the man who has been in large measure his sponsor, mentor and model—General Eisenhower. Eisenhower took office and promptly stopped a dragging, bitter Democratic Party war; Nixon takes office—and promptly stops a dragging, bitter Democratic Party war? He does so, or he may seem to

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himself as much as to the public to have flunked his first great Presidential assignment.

We entirely share the very nearly universal wish to get this frustrating war over with, but we most strongly hope and urge that Mr. Nixon will not make speed the sole criterion of his method of bringing it to an end. Even on the narrowly prudential side, Mr. Nixon will, we feel sure, remind himself that he is going to have to live with his decision on this war. The sigh of relief that would arise at almost any speedy ending not too long from now could easily enough change into a bitter disavowal by 1972, if by then it had become clear that the speed had been bought at too high a cost to the nation's security and honor.

Everyone knows, really, the minimum condition for an end to the war that would be strategically, politically and morally justifiable. Essentially it boils down to an assurance, by the terms and guarantees of the settlement, that the Communists are not going to be able to take over South Vietnam in the reasonably foreseeable future. President Eisenhower's ending of the Korean War was far from ideal, and far from what would have best served, in the long run, American and Western interest, but it fulfilled, in the analogous situation, this minimum requirement. President Nixon will fail, and his Administration will start with an ineradicable defeat on its record, unless he does at least as well. If the North Vietnamese are not ready for that kind of settlement, then President Nixon, if he is to avoid that defining failure, will have to make clear to them—by military act on a new, sufficient and unmistakable scale if need be—that the era of touch-football wars is over.

"Hi!"

Flying Down to Rio

In a strategically well-considered and carefully plotted move, the Brazilian Army, with the sullen but nonetheless active support of President Arthur da Costa e Silva (himself a former Army marshal and Minister of War), has assumed absolute political control and dismissed the Congress with the ease and insouciance of a Fairy Godmother waving her wand. In addition, approximately two hundred members of the not-so-loyal opposition (including former President Juscelino Kubitschek and Carlos Lacerda, the former governor of the powerful Guanabara state, a one-time chief of cabinet and an ex-delegate to the United Nations) were gathered like wild flowers and pressed to the bosom of the local jug. Why? Ostensibly because the Congress refused to waive congressional immunity and surrender for military trial Mr. Marcio Moreira Alves, an opposition deputy, who had publicly called for a boycott of the Independence Day Parade . . . on September 7. However, you don't have to be Brazilian and eat rye bread to know that still waters run deep and there's more here than meets the eye.

The reformation of the government is a no-holds-barred, get-'em-where-they-live victory for the more hard-line factions within the military (especially the younger officers) who have become increasingly disturbed by the seemingly bumpkinesque incompetence of the President and certain members of his Cabinet, and by the general sense of economic and social exhaustion pervading the country. (The average individual income for 90 million Brazilians is about $300 per year and a significant segment of the population is barely at subsistence level.)

What happens in the future remains, as they say, to be seen. However, September 7 is a long way off.

The FCC and Pay TV

The Federal Communications Commission has released its complicated rulings on a number of questions, most pointedly what cable TV can and can't do, and what is the future of pay TV. The cable TV people have been going around with stars in their eyes, because suddenly it occurred to them that they had it in their technological grasp to deliver a program from just about anywhere to just about anywhere else: say from Chicago to Miami. All they had to do, then, was sit back, pick out the best programs available anywhere, relay them to a market area, and charge for the use of the cable a fee high enough to turn in the desired profit. →

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Santa Claus Contemplating the Bust of Lyndon Baines Johnson or Christmas Happiness is Roast Lame Duck with All the Trimmings

"Come, let us season together.
Now's no time of year for whether,
Buts, and ifs;
We have important decisions to make on giving out the giffs.
First to Richard and his spouse.
Easy. A long lease on The House.
To Spiro T., a literary hint:
NR's best for All The Agnew's Fit To Print.
To Barry G., a plane ride right back to The Source,
He'll like it so much better, *sans* reMorse.
But how to match each present to recipient?
(One obviously does not give a cop to any mad rampaging yippient.)
And just who gets the kewpie which, so cute and cunning saith:
'All I know was taught me by Professor Kenneth Galbraith.'
And who the racing car so proud that jumps right off the pad?
You give one to Norman, and lo, Arthur then gets mad.
Or perfume out to Gore Vidal to cover up the musk;
You might as well give elephants to poachers you don't trusk."
Thus spake St. Nick,
Then, quick
As a wink, he leapt in his sleigh,
and away!
And the last words I heard from that jolly old fool
Were, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Our coup runneth over with . . . Yule!"

JOHANNES EFF

The local stations went mad with rage and frustration, and now they appear to have won their case, at least to the extent that the FCC has ruled that no cable company can transmit a program that originates more than 35 miles away without that station's consent: which consent, we can be sure, will not be given unless the cable company pays up in some proportion to the revenues that would be lost if, in effect, all station programming constituted a national pool from which the best was available to the consumer. What then would happen to local programming? And how could one get the local A&P store to advertise, if the station, finding itself in competition with the very best in the entire country, could not deliver any kind of an audience?

On the pay TV business, the FCC as always with pay TV is trying to have it both ways, trying to appease the consumer and the vested interests. The latter, who have led the disgracefully demagogic fight against pay TV in the last decade, most successfully in California in 1964, have attempted to persuade the public that pay TV could mean the end of free TV. Local theater owners have also viewed pay TV as a threat to their survival, and the two forces have successfully arrested progress. Now the FCC has ruled that in the future, pay TV will be permitted, but subject to severe limitations. For one thing, no sports event which had been regularly available on free TV could go over to pay TV. For another, no movie which has been shown in non-reserve seat movie theaters during the past two years would be eligible to be shown on pay TV. It may just be that these two prohibitions, plus others made explicit, and still others hinted at, will combine to make pay TV a) legal; and b) unfeasible.

How tangled the web becomes. Shouldn't one of the very first Nixon Presidential commissions explore the question: when there is a willing seller and a willing buyer, and the product is something other than, say, white slaves, has the government any business acting in restraint of trade?

Here It Comes!

In 1969, for the fifty-second consecutive year, unseasonal weather will cause disappointing harvests throughout the Socialist Bloc.

The Nixon family will begin to attend church more regularly. This is a good thing, and we desire that there be no misunderstanding.

Whatsisname, the President's chief economic adviser, will announce that the dollar is as good as gold, in line with the productive power of the American economy, seasonally adjusted, and with allowance for international capital movements not related to speculative attacks by irresponsible hoarders and the gnomes of Zurich, with a regression coefficient of 3.07. Gold will be worth $70, which is what the man said.

Mrs. Bouvier's daughters will be seen but not heard. Aristotle Onassis will be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature or some damn thing.

Peace will descend on the labor front, interrupted by temporary strikes affecting the railroads, airlines, longshoremen, electrical production, public schools, policemen, firemen, and editorial assistants in New Rochelle. Secretary Whatsisname, heading the Department of Labor, will announce two notable advances.

Mayor Lindsay, from his campaign headquarters in Antigua, will deplore the military takeover in New York City.

Nudity in the movies, on stage, and in books and magazines will be the subject of a lengthy investigation by approximately five hundred million redblooded men and boys.

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There will be a thaw in East-West relations, following which all Hell will break loose. The negotiators at Panmunjom will scream bloody murder unless they get a table exactly like the table being pounded in Paris.

The Central Bankers and the Monetary Authorities of the Free World will convene in Geneva, in mid-May, to consume forty cases of Moët et Chandon, twelve hundred bottles of wine, sixty-five cases of red likker, thirty-nine swine, no pearls, a whole raft of chickens (eggs and all), and five blonde secretaries. As a result, the International Monetary System will be completely reorganized so that even a drunken banker can kite checks. Cynics will be quick to note that those who paper their gold never water their wine.

Peace will descend on college campuses from coast to coast, seasonally adjusted. Professor Hubert Humphrey and Professor Lyndon Johnson (PhD., Maize U.) will conduct classes in civics, riots, assassination techniques, police brutality, armed taxation, destruction of financial assets, graft, propaganda, malversation (regular and ethyl), television programming, peculation (statutory), democracy, freedom, ranching, private airplanes, motels, real estate, stocks and bonds, booze, foreign travel, and the usual perks.

Fiscal responsibility will be the hallmark of the next unbalanced budget, and only a teensie-weensie increase will be needed in the temporary debt limit. Taxes will not be raised, except on the legitimate earnings of the people. Federal employees will enjoy vast pay hikes. Up and down the Potomac there will be songs and dancing within the meaning of the statutes.

Herb Klein will have no comment at this time. He will, however, announce that Whatsisname is preparing a statement on it, and that statement will be made available in due course, and in accordance with this Administration's pledge to open the doors of government to the legitimate observation of the people, for the people, and.

Horace E. Gates of Joplin, Missouri—actually from a suburb just north of Joplin, but everybody thinks of him as being from metropolitan Joplin—will keep his options open. Will he be the next Chief Justice of the Supreme Court? Our next Ambassador to the United Nations? Chief of Protocol? Speculation will run wild.

Arthur J. Goldberg, who has tried everything, will be arrested for impersonating John W. Gardner. There are two hundred and ninety-nine shopping days till Christmas, which has become overly commercialized, seasonally adjusted.

Willie Sutton and Wm. McChesney Martin Jr., advocates (each after his fashion) of the Quantity Theory of Money, will complete their terms, in different institutions, but to much the same purpose.

Sven 38X Eriksen, asked if he will be named the next Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, will reply that he is keeping his options open. The interview will be by telephone at his home in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, just before he goes out shopping with the missus.

It'll be very much like any other year, give or take twelve months. Let us pray.

Count Your Blessings

Let's contemplate the awful fate
Of people stuck in New York State,
Where twenty million aching backs
Bend under Rockefeller's tax . . .
Remember, as he runs rough-shod,
That there but for the grace of God
Go all of us, with shoulders bent,
Had Rocky wound up President.

W. H. VON DREELE

Thomas Merton R I P

There were rumors a few years ago that Father M. Louis, OCSO, had retreated even further into his religious life, and that whereas formerly it was difficult to penetrate the fastness of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemani in Kentucky to see him briefly—a hooded and very holy figure—it was now impossible. This kind of pious awe amused Tom Merton immensely, and I once had the fun of listening to this rumor from an academic type who reported it as something of a literary state secret. The fun for me came from the fact that I was able to reply that just the day before Tom Merton had turned up on my porch in Lexington, looking for all the world like Jean Genet in denim jacket and jeans. The rumor had for basis the fact that after 25 years as a monk, Father Louis had decided to become a hermit. And who, as he said slyly, was to say whether a desert father didn't come into town occasionally to catch up on the news and flip through forbidden magazines? *Poetry*, for instance, in which the Abbot had once found an offending phrase, was denied him. Nor did the Trappists subscribe to the *New Yorker*; he found its ads to be a ready index to the world on which he had turned his back. As a hermit he had an enviable cabin deep in the woods about a quarter mile from Gethsemani. A black snake lived in the outhouse; it seemed perfectly natural that a snake should share his saintly life. Here he watched the procession of the seasons, wrote his poems and his books, and received visitors. Theology and poetry made up the library. Visitors were usually instructed to bring beer; he would produce from various frugal cloths a goat cheese, a loaf, and salted peanuts. And afterwards, from under the bed, he would triumphantly bring out a rather far-gone bottle of bourbon, "to keep the cold out of our bones."

What one could not suspect from Tom Merton's writing was the boyish happiness of the man. He seemed to live in that peace which must come after a final subduing of the selfishness which holds us back from God. He had become a Trappist to be himself, for he knew that the self the world had shaped of him was not true. If religion meant anything, it meant that God demanded

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all, and it meant that God had a purpose in demanding all. That is perhaps why there was nothing of the religious about him, nothing ritually pious. He was disarmingly a simple man. He was no guru, and fled from visitors who came to Gethsemani expecting to find a saint with sincere eyes and forgiving hands to lay on their guilt. His very laughter—a laughter robust, medieval, and utterly innocent—would have dashed their image of him. His hermitry is perhaps unique in the history of the Church. He interpreted his new isolation as freedom from the discipline of the monastery and planned wonderful picnics and invited friends to them, specifying women and children as an added luxury.

That he died in Bangkok, of all places, will have been a mystery to the world, as the world did not know that he set out last summer on a pilgrimage to the East. He had studied the religions of the world for years, and he was fascinated by the contemplative religions of India and Japan. He had looked in on our own Indians on the way, and fellow monastics from Kentucky to California. One wonders if the United States, which he had not seen in thirty years, was not as strange to him as the Orient. The week before he died he had been with Dalai Lama, exiled in India, and they liked each other. It was impossible not to like Tom Merton. His writings were not quite what the church always wanted, and he appeared to be a saint most certainly, but not any kind of saint one has ever heard of. News of his death has reached me not by television or radio or newspaper; these media are too slow, too clogged with the chronicling of frivolity and blather to know about the death of a saint in Bangkok. News has come by telephone, relayed friend by friend around the world. —G. DAVENPORT

Karl Barth R I P

Karl Barth, whose death at the age of 82 was reported on December 10, was (in Carlylean language) the Hero and Theologian. No systematic theologian since Thomas Aquinas achieved as much or revealed greater heights of creativity, fidelity, and imagination.

Karl Barth was a protagonist of the great revolution in theology that broke the spell of perhaps 200 years of liberalism and opened the way for a new and powerful critical orthodoxy in Protestant thought. Talking about God, he insisted, was not just talking about man in a loud voice. It is talking from a different center, on a different plane, in a voice though it may be human, yet paradoxically enough no longer simply human.

He was to speak of his theology as a theology of the Word of God, a threefold Word: the Word of God in Holy Scripture, the Word of God in authentic preaching, and, preeminently, of course, the Word of God incarnate in Jesus the Christ. God's Word comes as judgment to shadow all human pretensions, institutions, and ideas. But it comes also as grace to reconstitute them in a new form.

Karl Barth's Achilles' Heel was his social and political philosophy, if so it may be called. Though he said he found politics "for the mentally uninteresting," he never got over his early "religious socialism."

In the struggle against Nazi proletarianism, he did valuable work theologically, but he could not maintain an even keel: he, in fact, began to preach the war as an outright "Holy War," forgetting his own teaching that even our best hopes and highest ideals are not to be identified with God, simply because we are men, not God. But when Protestant proletarianism emerged as a great threat after the conclusion of the Second World War, Karl Barth lapsed into a very equivocal neutralism. In all these matters, Barth was not a safe guy to follow, as many of his closest disciples realized.

Karl Barth worked on his magnum opus, *Church Dogmatics*, from the middle of his thirties to the day of his death. He was wont to say, with a reverent facetiousness so characteristic of him, that he was confident his life would be spared until he had completed the work, because he thought the Lord God would be interested to see how it all came out. If, as some have held, the Lord God is indeed interested in man's theologizing, we may venture to suggest that it is Karl Barth's mighty work of a lifetime that He would find of the greatest interest.

—W. HERBERG

Notes & Asides

■ The readers of NATIONAL REVIEW whose subscriptions are a couple of years old or older will recognize the name of Aloise B. Heath. To recent subscribers, a word. Aloise Heath began writing a "Christmas piece" for our first issue, and continued year after year to do so, at the prodding of our readers and (more important) upon being addressed, circa December 15, by her sister, the managing editor, at gunpoint. In January of 1967, she died: suddenly, tragically, at age forty-seven. It was then more or less resolved, again at the prompting of our readers, to continue the custom of re-publishing a Christmas piece by Mrs. Heath, and accordingly last December we re-published her hilarious essay, "The True Sprit of Chrismas."

We had expected this year to re-publish another of her pieces, but it happened that during the spring Priscilla and I read through the few scattered manuscripts which were retrieved from Mrs. Heath's pandemoniacal attic after her death; and we came across "Letter to Maureen." The short story was never published. We do not know for sure whether it was ever forwarded for publication but, knowing our sister's habits, we suspect that somewhere along the line the editor for whom she wrote it suggested the change of one or two lines, whereupon Aloise lost interest, interring the manuscript in her short memory. In any case, we are happy not only to exhume the "Letter to Maureen," which is in the

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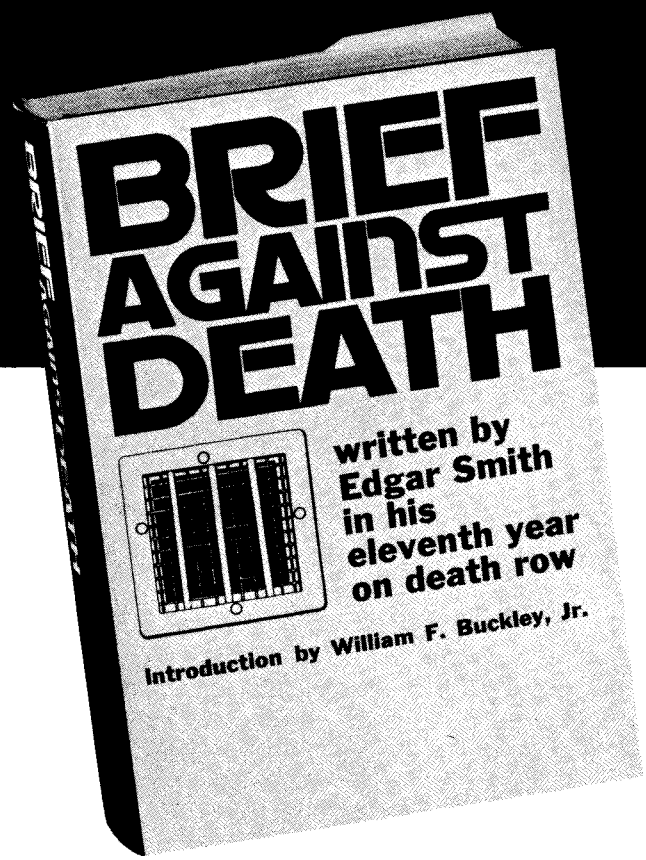

Brief Against Death: Edgar Smith has spent the last 11 years in the New Jersey death house. He entered prison a confused, embittered boy of 23, convicted of a ghastly murder (the bludgeon-slaying of a 15-year-old girl) he swears he never committed. Today—still living in the shadow of the electric chair—Smith is a perceptive, self-educated writer of his own brilliant legal briefs that have time and again saved his life. Now, he has written a fantastic book—much more than just "his side" of the case—a vivid, gripping story that you won't be able to put down (or ever forget!). Some years ago, Smith started reading National Review; this led to a Buckley-Smith correspondence, then death-house visits, which ripened into a friendship that caused Bill Buckley to write the memorable, moving introduction to Smith's book. Here is a book you will want to own! (Retail price: $5.95)

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Some weeks ago we wrote to all of you whose NR subscriptions were due to expire in the next year or so, asking that you give us a hand in reducing costs of our new computer programming by **renewing now** (no matter when your subscription expired) so that we could enter all renewals at the **same time** we institute our new system. Your response has been **most** gratifying; however, we know that there are quite a few of you who have **not yet** sent in your renewal. To spur you to action, we are happy to make the following (very!) special offer:

[A] *If you have not yet renewed:* use the card facing this page to renew **now** for a full year (we'll just extend your current expiration date) at the regular $10.00 rate, and you can also get Edgar Smith's unforgetable "Brief Against Death" (Retail price: $5.95) for just $2.95—you save a full $3.00 and we pay all postage and handling charges. You pay only $12.95 for **both** this fine new book **and** your own renewal. Please, enclose payment with order! We simply cannot afford to bill you at this low rate. See back of card for full instructions. And our thanks!)

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judgment of those who have seen it a superbly entertaining story, but to announce the forthcoming publication, by Arlington House, of the collected work of Mrs. Heath.

There is an episode in one of her pieces, written just after the defeat of Senator Goldwater in 1964. She was talking about the lamentable confusion in the neighborhood concerning Mrs. Major and her eternal soul . . . .

"Did I really tell Timothy that Tommy Major's mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No. I DID NOT. Once and for all.

"What happened was this. One day Timothy said: 'Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?'

"I said: 'Do you mean *me* or do you mean *people*? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean "people," no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear mother, you lucky boy.' Tim looked at me gravely. 'Will Tommy's mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson.'

" 'Oh, I don't think so, Tim,' I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. 'She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she *did* go to Hell!"

"It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, 'Tommy's mother went to Hell/On the Donkey ticket/ Now she knows a Johnson vote/ Is very, very wicked.' Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that 'Tommy's Mother went to Hell.' And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am, I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it. I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version."

The title of the forthcoming volume is (what else?)—*Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?*

■ The tributes paid to the late Arthur Hays Sulzberger were certainly testimony to his personal magnetism, and partly testimony to the adage that the power one has lives after one. The *New York Times* has never been known in its history to perform a friendly act for Richard Nixon: yet Richard Nixon was there at the funeral. Which revived an old memory. It was early fall, in 1956, and I found myself talking at an affair to a nephew of the great Sulzberger, which young man I twitted about the agonizing indecision of the *New York Times* on whom to endorse for President, Adlai Stevenson or Dwight Eisenhower. Usually these endorsements come soon after Labor Day, but here it was well into October, and the *New York Times* had not spoken, threatening the postponement of the national election. Well, the young man said, here's how it is. My uncle can't stand Richard Nixon. He likes Ike, and would come out for Ike, but he can't know for sure whether Ike will live out his second term, and he can't run the risk of Nixon's becoming President. Well, I said, that's certainly a problem, what is he doing about it? Well, the young man said, he is figuring it out in his own way. You see, it happens that Uncle Arthur and President Eisenhower are almost exactly the same age. Moreover, my uncle has had a stomach operation (like Ike's), and a stroke (like Ike's). On top of that, he reckons that the strain of being head of the *New York Times* and the strain of being President of the United States are roughly comparable: so that he has been calling in his doctors and asking them bluntly: Will I live the next four years? If they say: Yes, you will, then he figures, so will Ike, and it's safe to come out for Ike for President. If they say no, we'll come out for Stevenson. I ruminated on the typical scene at the daily editorial meeting, crowded with hot Stevensonians: "Mr. Sulzberger, you're not looking very well today, do you feel bad?" . . . Anyway, the doctors proved right, Mr. Sulzberger survived not only the next four years, but the succeeding eight—like Ike. And politics aside, we wish his family the best, and mourn with them the loss of so striking a figure in contemporary journalism.

■ Further on the disintegration of the Rand movement (Mr. Timothy Wheeler has formed the Society for Objectivist Reconciliation), we have received letters from the Branden Group calling our attention to a very long published refutation of the charges leveled by Miss Rand from which we quoted in the last issue. Mr. Branden concludes his farrago of countercharges by saying that his final effort was "not to terminate my relationship with Miss Rand but to save it in some mutually acceptable form. It was a tortured, awkward, excruciatingly embarrassed attempt to make clear to her why I felt that an age distance between us of twenty five years constituted an insuperable barrier, for me, for a romantic relationship." Objectivists can be so *chivalrous,* can't they?

■ All of us here, especially those of us (mea maxima culpa) who have discontinued the habit of sending out Christmas cards, wish you all a merry Christmas, and a happy, happy New Year. —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

TORTURE AND THE COLONELS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

A while after my article on the Greek referendum was printed (*NR*, Oct. 23), I heard from a correspondent in Geneva who works for one of the international organizations based in that city. I quote from his letter:

"I do believe you are mistaken in one of your premises, but that would not necessarily mean that your conclusions are mistaken. I refer to your premise that 'There has been no physical terror.' The regime has used and continues to use torture against those active in resistance. The Red Cross now has many cases of torture. Since, however, it is the decision of the host government to publish or not publish Red Cross reports, it is doubtful the Greek government will publish this latest report.

"I don't think that the use of torture should be surprising. On the one hand, the rule of law does not exist, which allows the police to arrest anyone at any time and hold them for any length of time with no obligation to answer to anyone. One must also consider that the wounds of the Civil War have not healed for many. One security policeman, Mr. Karapanayotis, whose name keeps cropping up in the stories of those who have been tortured, had his entire family killed by the Communists during the Civil War. The Undersecretary of the Interior, Mr. Ladas, who recently pistol-whipped three journalists in his office, also had his family wiped out by the Communists. [Subsequent to the date of this letter, Ladas was dismissed from his post.]

Appointment at Strasbourg

"The Scandinavian governments and Holland have brought an action against Greece before the European Human Rights Commission. One of the charges is that of torture. The case has been rolling on now for more than a year, and at the end of November in Strasbourg witnesses will be heard from both sides. . . . A determination by the Commission should contribute to clearing up this controversy over torture. . . .

"I have the names of over two hundred tortured people, and would estimate that not more than a thousand have been tortured as distinct from simply being beaten up. I think it only fair that this aspect of the Colonels' rule be considered in any calculation of its pros and cons. Perhaps this is the price that must be paid for order and stability in Greece, but one should be aware of the price.

"I think you are right that the junta at this moment does serve best the strategic and economic interests of the United States. I understand that the Colonels have promised to hold elections as a result of the U.S. decision to ship arms. Karamanlis & Co. are preparing to go back. He and other former politicians of the Center and Right Center will contest an election against the Colonels. The Captains willing."

In the course of my reply I commented: a) I had not meant to deny individual acts of torture by the Greek regime but rather, the suggestion by many of its opponents that it is a "system of terror" comparable to the totalitarian systems of our century. b) My correspondent was better placed than I to assess the facts about torture in this instance. c) It is noteworthy that all the publicized anti-torture *campaigns* in our era have been directed against Western or pro-Western regimes even though in every case torturing by the anti-Western regime has been far greater than even the maximum that can be charged to Western account (*cf.* Kenya, Algeria, Vietnam).

My correspondent—replying to these comments after the ludicrous episode at Strasbourg, where two of the witnesses brought by the Greek officials to testify that there had been no torture escaped to declare that they were themselves torture victims—remarked (in part):

"Last week I was in Strasbourg for the hearing by the European Human Rights Commission. . . . It was something worthy of James Bond and the Keystone cops. Two witnesses from the Greek regime escaped their guards and rushing around Strasbourg all week were French Sûreté, international lawyers, armed junta gorillas, Greek exiles and hordes of journalists. Really the only way the exiles stay in business is this seemingly endless capacity that the Greek regime has for blunder. I don't know how they ever brought out two people who had been so badly tortured. Heads will certainly roll back home in Athens.

Torture and Freedom

"I suppose the reason, or one of them, that the most effective campaigns against torture are directed against pro-West 'torturers' is that the West has free institutions which permit campaigns of this order, to begin with; and, second, it has the institutions which would respond to such a campaign by putting pressure on the 'torturers' to stop. In the Greek case, for example, the only chance to stop it would be by pressure from the West and especially the United States. In my view this says something positive about Western society, though I suppose the danger is that one would get the false impression that the bulk of torturing is done by the West simply because more attention is drawn to it. Nothing, of course, could be more false.

"It is of course ridiculous to talk about the Colonels' regime as though it were a carbon copy of Nazism or Stalinism. I have yet to find a really satisfactory explanation of the forces that produced this regime, and what this regime hopes to accomplish. I do suspect, however, that 'Communism' and 'anti-Communism' don't have so much to do with it. 'Left' and 'Right' should have stayed in that French tennis court where it started." □

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AN ENTERTAINMENT

Getting Things Done was an Inner Compulsion
that Maureen couldn't Master.
It led her into the Path of Deceit & Crime—
and to a convent school when still of Tender Age

A Letter to Maureen

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

THERE ISN'T any doubt about it, Maureen *is* different. People are always asking why my poor little sister Maureen is already at boarding school at the Tender Age of thirteen when the Older Girls didn't go till they were fifteen, and it is hard to Go Into Details without having people think one is long-winded, so I usually just say it's because she's different. Which is true.

My Mother, who is a married lady of some fifty years and a Kindly Heart, says it is because Maureen is a seventh child and then all the Big Ones—I am one of the Big Ones; I am fourteen—get sad, understanding looks on their faces and say things like: "Oh, so *that*'s it!" and "I'm beginning to *see* now!" and "Well, that explains *everything*!" Then Maureen always gets mad and says: "Oh, you think you're all so smart," which is really just another way of showing how different she is, because when you say a thing like that it means you have no Sense of Humor, a very important thing to have in our family. (I have a Sense of Humor, but not Fully Developed.)

The most peculiar way Maureen shows her differentness is about Getting Things Done comes first, since this is the second most important thing in our family after a Sense of Humor. It is only the second most important thing because it is our Weak Point—except for Maureen—and nobody considers that his Weak Point is the most important. Naturally, Maureen thinks Getting Things Done comes first, since this is her Strong Point, and she was even, at one time, pretty puffed up about her ability along this line, but as Mother, who frequently puts things in a very acute, if old-fashioned, way, says; "Pride goeth before a fall." This, as it turned out, was All Too True.

Maureen says that Getting Things Done is like a lump in her mind that

keeps on *being* there till she does whatever she's supposed to do. Anybody can see from this that Maureen has always been very good and a Great Favorite with Mother and Father. The Big Ones —I am one of the Big Ones—say she will grow out of this, but I don't know. She is already thirteen.

For instance, Maureen *always* answers letters. The rest of us sometimes get the answers to letters written out, but we practically never get them written *and* addressed *and* stamped *and* mailed. My brother John, who is our Second Child and First Boy, says his Inner Compulsion leaves him the minute he writes "Yours, John" at the end of an answer. Once Father asked him if he thought he could get his letters mailed if he didn't sign them, but John said that after all, if he didn't sign the letters he leaves lying around, Mother wouldn't know whose girls she was checking up on. Father couldn't answer that one, because there is no denying that Mother is unduly interested in our Romantic Life. But then Mother is Southern.

Of course, the rest of us being the Way We Are about answering letters, Maureen had to born the Other Way. *Her* Inner Compulsion is twice as compelling as John's and it lasts much longer—in fact till she gets an answer to her letter, which she says is the only sure proof that the person she wrote to, got it. And then it starts all over again.

All that would be all right if Maureen would kindly confine herself to answering her own letters, but to show you how she Carries Things to Extremes, she even answers other people's mail if she thinks they take too long. Last summer vacation, for instance, she answered Mr. Millbrook's letter to me and said, yes, I would try to do better at math next year, which wasn't what I would have said at *all*. I was going to explain to him about planning to be a Prominent Author and hence not needing mathematics. And then, in spite of what I said to her—and I can be Extremely Withering—just because she heard Mother say something to Father about "You'd better do something about your Income Tax" and Father said "What Income?", Maureen took it upon herself to write to the Collector of Internal Revenue—who is an Unrelenting Enemy of our family, anyway—and say that Father had no Income and please stop bothering him. As I pointed out to her afterward, this certainly could not have added to the respect in which our Father is held by the United States Government.

But the worst thing Maureen did along that line was four years ago when she was nine, which shows how young these things develop. Our sister Sally, who is our First Child and First Girl, got married and when she didn't get around to writing a thank-you note for the last wedding present that dribbled in, Maureen wrote it for her. The lady

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she wrote it to sent it back to Mother with Caustic Comments, which is how we know. It said: "Dear Mrs. Lavatory" (the lady's name is La Vetrie), "How could you be so gennerus to a poor young bride like me? I opened your package with fear and tremling. Could it be what I had longed for and yerned for and hoped for and dreemed about. Could it be a pickle fork? It was. It was. How sweet. I thank you. A big kiss from Sally." Can you imagine? We were a laughing-stock! The whole town laughed at us; even Mother and Father and the Big Ones laughed. Of course I did, too, but only because I have such a good Sense of Humor.

Caught in the Meshes

This summer a terrible thing happened to Maureen, which is what this story is really about. John says I should call it "Caught in the Meshes of Her Own Efficiency," but I think that's too long. Father said John could rest secure in the knowledge that nobody would ever write a story about *him* called that, but then that was the day that John found the key to the car had been in his pocket all along, and Father was naturally Bitter. Anyhow, the thing that happened was that Maureen wrote a letter to the Pen Pal Department of some dopey kid magazine she is always reading, and it got published. The letter said: "Dear Pals: My name is Maureen Stoddard and I am thirteen years old, nearly. I have blue eyes and my hair is almost blonde. I am 4 Ft. and 11 In. and I weigh 96 Pds. I have a brown horse called Jim and a brown and white dog called Jimmy and a yellow cat called James. My favorite name is Jim. Ha Ha. My brother Ritchie [that's me] works in the zoo at his school and every summer he brings home a flying squirrel and a python and I take care of them. [Not entirely true.] I also have nine brothers and sisters, six older and three younger. A big kiss from Maureen Stoddard, Age 13."

Her letter was printed, principally, I imagine, because of my flying squirrel and python. Maureen showed us the letter in the magazine on the twenty-second of June. I remember distinctly because it was Bob's nineteenth birthday —Bob is our Fourth Child and Second Boy—and Maureen was broke. So instead of a birthday present she gave him a promise to make all his appointments, like dentists and dates, all summer long, and to Remind Him. John said that wasn't a promise, that was a threat, and Bob said a better birthday present would be to promise not to Remind Him, and Mother and Father said it was a Fine Idea. So we had quite a discussion all during lunch, and it only ended when Maureen, who is very illogical, said maybe we all thought we were very smart, but she had the first Published Works of the family because she had a letter in Pen Pals. She showed it to us then, in a very red and flustered way, so we Remembered Our Manners, which we often do, and told her it was very good. John even said it was a very Telling Piece of writing, and would probably Call Forth a response. Little did we know.

That was only on Tuesday. On Thursday Maureen got seven letters from Pen Pals.

On Friday she got eighteen.

Between Saturday and the following Tuesday she got 47 more.

By the first of July, Maureen had had 115 answers to her letter, and they were still coming in. I guess if you haven't got the point of this by now you never will, but just in case you haven't the point is this. Maureen *has* to answer letters. Her Inner Compulsion makes her.

So there she was, stuck. Enmeshed, as John and I would say.

The first day she worked all morning and took off in the afternoon to go swimming. The second day—she'd had twenty letters by then—she worked all morning and went upstairs again right after lunch and wrote till five. By the third day she had made the Appalling Discovery that she couldn't keep up with her correspondence unless, besides all that, she worked till nine o'clock at night, which is bedtime in our family for Growing Children.

For the next week we hardly saw Maureen at all. She got Ella, who is our maid, to give her her meals in her room, and whenever you looked in, there she was, on her stomach in the middle of the floor, writing and writing, with a small pile of answered letters by her left elbow and an enormous pile of unanswered letters by her right elbow. John called them the Mountain and the Molehill. She didn't go swimming once in a whole week. She didn't ride her pony. Her eyes got red, her hair got mussy and her face which is usually pretty lobstery in the summer got pale. She even almost got thin. In fact, she looked like a word that when you use it, it does not show that you are Bold and Daring but only you have an Inadequate Vocabulary. And four times that week, at bedtime, when I absent-mindedly ran my thumb across her toothbrush—which I sometimes do for the Younger Ones, to Protect Them Against Themselves—her toothbrush was dry. And the third most important thing in our family, after a Sense of Humor and Getting Things Done, is Brush Your Teeth Twice a Day. So that shows what a state she was in.

And still the letters were coming in, piles and floods of them. The Older Girls took turns at night, massaging Maureen's writing hand with skunk oil, which though not aesthetic is efficacious. This means, doesn't smell good, but feels wonderful.

Getting Things Done

In the meantime, our family relations were going to pot. Mother and Father had an argument in front of us, which anybody ought to know is Bad Psychology and Breaks Up the Harmony of the Home. Father said that the terrible thing which had happened to Maureen was Good Character Training, and Mother said all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—Mother often says awfully good things; I take after Mother in many ways—so they finally decided that Maureen could work all day, but she had to come downstairs for meals and she couldn't work after supper. The Big Ones were always after Maureen to just give up and not answer any more letters, but Mother and Father, naturally, could not do this because of the way they feel about Getting Things Done.

It was then that John and Matt, Sally's husband, did the things that I shall never feel the same towards them about. Matt *may* have been just trying to help, but of John's motives I have the deepest suspicions. Anyhow, one morning, after Maureen's nine-to-five schedule had started, Matt, who has a Sense of Humor but is Fundamentally Kind, took her aside and said that if her Inner Compulsion was going to keep on acting so silly about all these Pen Pal letters, she might as well Face Facts and realize that for the next two or three years even if over half the Pals dropped out, she still would have almost three hundred left and hence would be carrying on a terrific correspondence. (Which is rather a sad way to have to spend your Early Adolescence, but sooner or later as I often tell Maureen, we must all Attain Maturity.) Therefore, said Matt, the thing to do was to learn to write very fast, to keep her

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working time Down to a Minimum, and the fastest way to write is to use the typewriter. So the idea was for Maureen to learn to type as quickly as she could, which though it means more work at first means less work in the long run, and hence pays off. You can easily see from this that Matt has a Logical Mind, and indeed, he has often told me that since he married into our family I have been a Great Comfort. Maureen has not a Logical Mind, but she is Easily Swayed, so from then on, at five o'clock every afternoon, Matt gave her a typing lesson and after supper she practiced till bedtime. Mother and Father couldn't say anything to this because typing is Improving Yourself, which is the fourth most important thing in our family. But Maureen did not begrudge the extra time because the answers had already begun to come in and it was Readily Apparent that no one could see Where It Would All End.

A Free Woman Again

It was John, though, who started Maureen off on her Career of Crime. *His* idea, he said, was as far superior to Matt's as is Eternity to an Hour. Number One, he said, Maureen couldn't just plain stop answering letters like a normal person, because she wasn't Made That Way. Number Two, even if she got so that she could type 240 words a minute, which is the World's Record held by Billy Rose, she would still be doomed to a Life of Deadly Monotony. *But,* said John, if Maureen could find a way to make people stop answering *her* letters her problem was solved and once again she would be a Free Woman. His idea, said John, was for Maureen to make her handwriting so illegible that none of her Pen Pals could read it, which everyone knows cuts down tremendously on one's interest in answering letters. Which if John Marsh, who is my roommate at school, ever reads this, now he knows why our summer correspondence is so one-sided.

I might as well tell you right away that although Maureen adopted this suggestion, even to the extent of practicing illegible handwriting by flashlight for two hours every night after she went to bed, it did not work. All of her Pen Pals seemed to have great experience with reading bad handwritings, because not one of them dropped out, even though Maureen got so illegible that she has to take special tutoring in Penmanship at school this year. However, the Harm was Done. She got the idea of making the Pen Pals *stop writing her.*

First it was by legal means, if dumb. You've got to say this for Maureen, in fact I later said is myself to Lieutenant Grant of the State Police, she tried every other way first, and Lieutenant Grant, with all his experience, should know how Desperate a Desperate Woman can become. The failure of her postcards showed her that only Extreme Measures would be Effective. The postcards were penny ones without pictures, which Maureen said would show Extreme Poverty, and she bought 520 of them, because that was how many correspondents she then had. On each of the postcards—except for two which went to the same town, which she made different, which was my idea—she wrote:

"Dear Pen Pal Joyce" (or Martha or Polly or Sam, depending on what their name was): "My Mother and Father are both very ill from Measles and Beriberi, so I have to get a job to support our family who are in Dire Need, so I will not have time to write any more letters. I am sorry it all had to end like this. A big kiss from your used-to-be Pen Pal, Maureen Stoddard, Age 13."

This of course, was Practicing Deceit, which older persons understand is only permissible if you laugh at the end of oral deceit or write "HaHa" at the end of written deceit. On my suggestion, therefore, Maureen wrote "HaHa" very, very small on the place where the stamp goes on top, so her conscience didn't feel quite so bad as it otherwise would have. As for the penny postcards to Indicate Extreme Poverty, that was not deceit, because by this time Maureen *was* extremely poor, paper, ink and stamps having Made Inroads on her allowance to the extent of a cool $11.44, which she had borrowed from me.

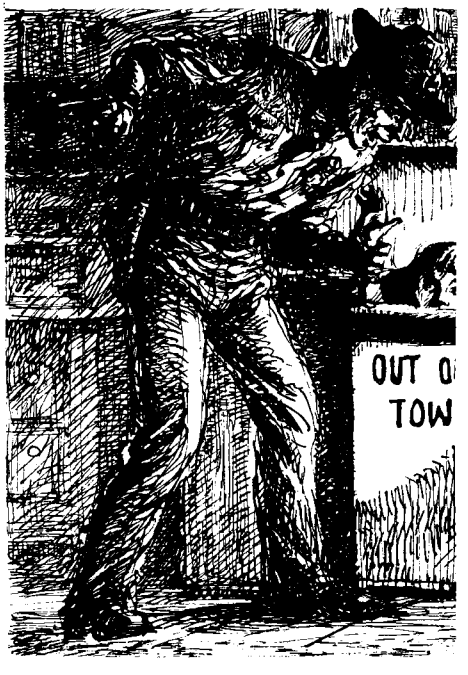
Maureen's postcards only proved, however, that Crime, even in a small way, Does Not Pay, and you'd think she would have learned something from this. Future Events proved she did not. From then on for the rest of the summer, packages started to come in along with the letters and every single package was full of something awful, though you could see that the people who had sent them's intentions were Of the Best. I catalogued the presents as they arrived, since I am By Nature Methodical, and this is what Maureen got:

4 dozen prs. socks
9 slips
3 dresses
2 sweaters
1 corset with bones
1 cake
5 boxes of cookies—(2 very good)
102 nickels, 47 dimes, 1 dollar bill } (adds up to No Mean Sum)
1 book called *The Girl's Book of Handicraft*

This last was the only thing that was in fairly good condition, which did Maureen no good because when Father found out—and he finally did in spite of a Conspiracy of Silence—he made Maureen send back everything that wasn't actually falling to pieces including the money she had spent and the food she had eaten. My Father is a Very Proud Man.

You can easily see that Maureen's postcards were an Utter Flop and did not lighten Her Load in any way, because she now had packing and shipping to do besides her regular correspondence, and her regular correspondence was increased by large numbers of older sisters and mothers who had read her postcards and took pity on her sad plight and wrote pages and pages of helpful advice. Who can Cast the First Stone then if Maureen was, as I have said before, Driven to Desperation?

One day, about two weeks after the postcard business, Ella came upstairs to Father's room and said that Lieutenant Grant of the State Police was in the living-room waiting to see him. Lieutenant Grant said he had a very distressing thing to tell Father. Which



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was that, the night before, the alarm from the Sheraton Post Office had rung in the State Police barracks in Canaan. All the policemen jumped in the police cars and with their sirens screeching raced fifteen miles over to Sheraton in 22 minutes, Endangering Life and Limb, as Lieutenant Grant said. And when they broke into the Post Office, revolvers in their hands and terror in their hearts, who should they find but nobody! And it was only after searching for twenty minutes that they found Maureen, who though fat, is little, crouching in the Out-of-Town bin. You can imagine their Complete Consternation! Also their Fury and Dismay.

State Policemen are as a rule, I have found, Kindly Men, sometimes even Fathers and Grandfathers, but, of course, they would not be Policemen did they not have a sterner side to their natures. And it was the sterner side that Maureen, though often called an Appealing Child, drew forth. After they removed her from the Out-of-Town bin, in which she had become stuck due to excessive fatness, they took a very firm attitude toward her. They asked her how she got into the Post Office, and what she was doing in the Post Office, and what did she mean by the whole thing. All this they asked in No Uncertain Terms. Maureen answered that she had come in the window with no difficulty whatsoever; as to what She Was Doing, and What Did She Mean, She Remained Mute.

Then Lieutenant Grant and his cohorts, after saying various intimidating things, went all through the Post Office and found that everything that should be locked was locked, which did not help. After that they looked in the pockets of Maureen's dress and her school blazer and found nothing but a nickel, which they figured, Father being a Gentleman of Means, she did not have to break into the Post Office to get, and a Rose Pomade Lipstick, which I have long suspected. Maureen told me that at this time she said "Unhand me sir," very often and very loudly, because that is what the ladies say in Rafael Sabatini, which Maureen is a Constant Reader of. They finally did unhand her, due more, I think, to there being no more pockets to go through than to Maureen's Sharp Words. Then one of the other officers suggested that they take Maureen back to the Police Headquarters, and have a matron search her all the way down to her Bare Skin, which Lieutenant Grant said "Better Not" to, the grandfatherly side of his nature having, I suppose, returned, causing him to remember that the Stoddard girls are Well Brought Up and hence modest. After that they asked Maureen over and over and over to tell them why she was in the Post Office, which Maureen said is the Third Degree; but anyone with Knowledge of the World knows that it is impossible to hold a Third Degree without the use of strong spotlights and rubber hoses, which the policemen must have absent-mindedly left behind them in Canaan. On the contrary, towards the end they gave her chewing gum and patted her on the head and pled, actually pled with her to tell them just a little something to write down in their notebooks. But after an hour or so of silence on the part of Maureen, it was plain to be seen that she had a Will of Iron, so when she explained that it was almost nine o'clock and that it was an Inflexible Rule in our Family that Growing Children should be in bed by nine, they let her go with, I imagine, Mixed Emotions. Maureen told me that Lieutenant Grant said:

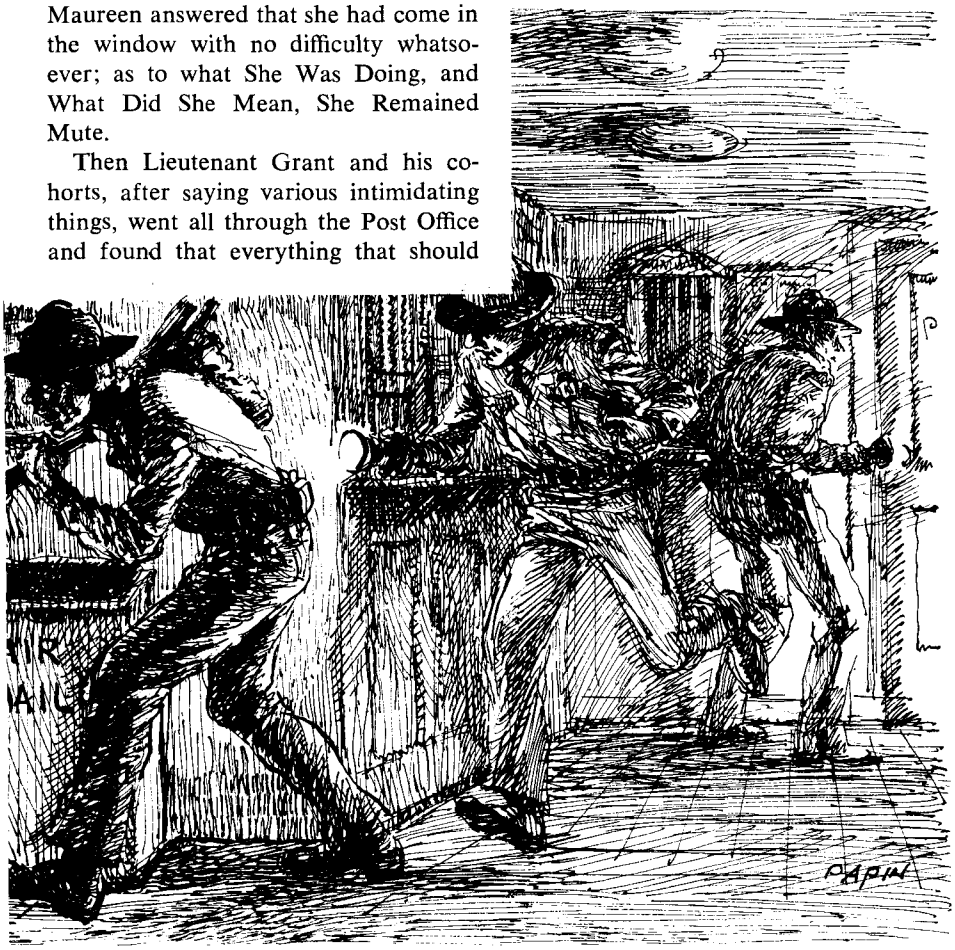
"Well, run along home then, girlie. I'd hate to have you break a *rule*!"

In which I would have detected a Note of Sarcasm myself, but as I have mentioned, Maureen was not born with those Powers of Keen Observation with which some people were.

After Lieutenant Grant finished his sad account, Father just sat for a little while. Then he sighed a long, shuddering sigh and he said in a Calm and Contained Voice:

"Ritchie, go and fetch Maureen."

His Calm and Contained Voice was only loud enough to reach behind the door where I happened to be at the time, for the First Duty of a Prominent Author is to Keep Well-Informed, but on General Principles I answered: "Yes, Father," in a small and faraway voice as if I were just coming from the kitchen, and I went up to Maureen's room.



Open Defiance

Maureen was hard at work at her new system for licking stamps, which is to dip her tongue in a glass of milk and then to quickly slide a stamp across it. She says this is Pleasant and Nutritious, and I say, Maybe so, but it is not Pleasant to Look At.

I took her downstairs to the living-room, watching her face all the time for Significant Reactions, of which there were none. But when I started to go into the living-room with her, in my Big-Brotherly way, Father said:

"I don't think this small matter is worth taking up your valuable time, thank you, Ritchie."

I interpreted this as a Strong Hint to leave the room which I did because I am quick to take a hint, especially from

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Father, but then he shut the door, so I am afraid that for this scene I must depend on Hearsay Evidence, which, after all, is Better Than Nothing.

My Hearsay Evidence—and to some small extent the Evidence of My Ears, which could not help overhearing Father's and Lieutenant Grant's voices after a while—is all to the effect that Maureen continued her policy of Remaining Mute. I could not help thinking that under Similar Circumstances I would have Played the Scene quite differently—which is not unnatural, for it is universally admitted that I have a Flair for the Dramatic. Here was a situation which positively Cried For Acute Laryngitis or Symptoms of Amnesia, and all Maureen could think of was Open Defiance!

'Return to Sender'

In any event, her policy of Remaining Mute came to Naught. For just as Father opened the door again, looking as warm and frustrated as I've ever seen him look, the phone rang. Father answered it himself, though not a Usual Practice with him, but he did it, I suppose, to get away from an Impossible Situation. The phone call threw Considerable Light on the matter. It was from Mr. Moore at the Post Office. He said that in the Out-Going Bin, Somewhat the Worse for Wear, he had found 102 letters addressed to Maureen. On all the letters Maureen's name and address were crossed out, and each of them was stamped "Address Not Known" and "Return to Sender," with the Post Office's Official Stamp. Whereas, said Mr. Moore, he knew darn well where Maureen was and equally darn well that he didn't stamp those letters himself.

It took but a moment for Father, with the Keen Perception common to the males in our family, to realize that this was the work of None Other than Maureen, which I personally thought would have been quite a fine idea if Our Postmaster had not been so efficient. Father explained it all to Mr. Moore, who Agreed Not to Prosecute, and then he explained it all to Lieutenant Grant, who said Girls will be Girls and departed with No Hard Feelings. So that was the end of that incident except that for the next week or so Mother and Father went out of their way to be nice to Maureen, which is how you tell, in our family, that Mother and Father are Very Much Annoyed. When they are especially nice, it means that they have said such Hard Things about you to each other that they are feeling the Pangs of Remorse. (And for the benefit of the Younger Members of the family I will add a friendly hint to the effect that the best time to touch them for a Raise in Allowance is immediately after you have done Something Awful.)

My Mother has a very good way of Putting Things, and she often says: "It never rains but it pours." She means by this that if something happens, either bad or good, then something else, only More So, will happen too. So I was expecting something else, and having made Maureen's acquaintance when she was but two weeks old, you can Rest Assured that I kept my eye on her. You probably think that her last was the most Desperate Measure anybody could possibly think of and even I, I must say, didn't think that she would stoop so low as Perjury and Forgery to attain her Nefarious Ends, and how can one assume responsibility for that which one is too high-minded to suspect. Mother and Father afterwards said that she was too Young and Innocent to know what she was doing. What I say is, if she was so brimming over with Youth and Innocence, why did she continue, in her Under-Handed Way, to answer "What" whenever anyone yelled "Maureen" at her? Why did she accept her Birthday Check for thirteen dollars when it was made out Maureen Stoddard? Why, in short, did she make every attempt to conceal the fact that she, our Fourth Girl and Seventh Child, the Sister of Our Bosom, was in reality no longer Maureen Stoddard, but Mary Queen O. Scots?

Nobody knows exactly how Maureen got the idea of changing her name. Maybe it was when Mr. Moore explained to her after the Post Office business, that as long as her name was Maureen Stoddard she had to accept letters So Addressed. Maybe it was from one of the dopey kid books she reads. Maybe—and this is a suspicion that will Go with Me to the Grave—it was from an idea that John insinuated into her mind. I say this not maliciously, but because John's Sense of Humor is so terribly Highly Developed.

The first inkling we had that All was Not as It Should Be was one day when Maureen didn't tear upstairs right after breakfast to get at her letters. Instead she went swimming. After lunch she did not tear upstairs either. She went out on her pony. After supper, instead of practicing on the typewriter, she read *Captain Blood*. The next day it was the same, and the next day after that. No more trips to the Post Office to collect the new batch of mail; no more letters, no more typing, no more illegible-handwriting practice. None of us said anything, because we thought Maureen had at last conquered her Inner Compulsion. Even I, Intellectually Awake as I am, suspected nothing, because, unknown to her, Maureen had been under my Close Supervision since the moment Lieutenant Grant had left the house two weeks before, *except*, and this is a large except, for the day she spent in New York with Mother on her fall shopping trip, which being not present, I can Assume no Responsibility for. The mistake I made was in trusting Mother to keep Maureen under equally Close Supervision. But as Mother often says, in her Telling Way: "A watched pot never boils."

Struck Dumb

Mr. Moore broke the bad news this time. Mr. Moore was getting pretty tired of Maureen, and who can blame him if he sounded Irritated to a Degree when he talked to Mother over the phone? Mr. Moore said not that he wanted to make trouble for anybody, but did Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard happen to know about the position the United States Post Office had been placed in by their daughter Maureen. And he said that he'd keep on calling her Maureen till his dying day no matter *how* many papers said her legal name was Mary Queen O. Scots.

When Mother finally put down the phone and started to tell us what Mr. Moore said, she was almost unable to Speak, which is very unusual with Mother. She often suffers from incoherence because of what Father calls Fitful Paralysis of the Speech Organs Due to Overusage (to which Mother says, "What can you expect, one decent God-fearing Schultz chained for life to eleven crazy Stoddards?"). But it is almost unknown for Mother to be Struck Dumb for over thirty seconds at a time, which is what Prepared Us for the Worst.

It seems, Mother told us, that the day after Maureen returned from the shopping trip to New York, she went to the Post Office at nine o'clock as usual, to get the mail. She took out the 89 letters that were addressed to her and brought them up to Mr. Moore at the window.

"I'll thank you to return these to sender, Mr. Moore," she said, in a haughty way. "There is at present no

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Miss Maureen Stoddard residing in Sheraton, Connecticut."

Mr. Moore, who can be Very Amusing, just stared at her for a minute.

"I see," he said. "Well, if you're not 'residing' here any more, Maureen, maybe you can tell me where you can be reached?"

"You misunderstand my meaning," said Maureen. "The fact is there is no Miss Maureen Stoddard extant."

"I suppose I'm standing here looking at the Queen of Sheba!" said Mr. Moore.

"No," Maureen snapped, "at Mary Queen O. Scots." And she Turned on Her Heel and walked off. (Maureen practiced Turning on Her Heel all one summer and now has it Down to Perfection.) Mr. Moore said he just stood there looking after her and thinking "Getting too big for her breeches, that kid." Little did he know. *Little!*

So the next morning when Maureen came in he had not only the original 89 letters for her but 107 more, which if you are Mathematically Inclined you can easily see adds up to one hundred and ninety-three. No Small Sum. Mr. Moore said:

"Look here, Maureen, let's you and me stop fooling around and take these letters home with you. This isn't any metropolitan Post Office, nor yet a Storage House." And Mr. Moore said darned if Maureen didn't go through that spiel she put on yesterday all over again and so did he, except that this time, when she came to saying "Mary Queen O. Scots," she added: "And I can prove it." And with that, Mr. Moore said, she hauled a piece of paper out of her sweater pocket that said all official and legal that hereafter be it known and so forth that Miss Maureen Stoddard was Miss Mary Queen O. Scots. And it was signed and sealed and attested and all the other things by a Judge in New York City.

After the third day, when Mr. Moore had almost three hundred of Maureen's letters cluttering up the Post Office, he telephoned Judge Baker, who is an Attorney-at-Law, and Mr. Moore said darned if Maureen wasn't within her Constitutional Rights in refusing to accept those letters, but he also said darned if he wasn't going to find out if Maureen's Ma and Pa knew about all this Monkey Business.

Mr. Moore was pretty Wrought Up by the time he finished telling Mother all this, and don't think Mother wasn't too, when she finished telling us. I ran down to the kitchen to get her a Coke, which always helps Mother a lot, being Southern, and then I got Maureen from her room, where she was starting *Captain Blood* over again. I escorted her

wordlessly to Mother's room, my face Hard and Cold, for any one who gives up the Fair Name of Stoddard, even for one as Exalted as Mary Queen O. Scots, deserves no sympathy.

Awful Purpose!

No sympathy was exactly what she got. Even John, with his Highly Developed Sense of Humor, and even Matt, who by an Evil Twist of Fate, was not born but only married into Our Family, were shocked. Even so, it was only after Father said if she didn't tell how she did it he would Employ Detectives, that Maureen broke down and confessed. Although I cannot truthfully say that she exactly broke down. It was more like a small crack.

As I had suspected, she accomplished her Coup when she was in New York with Mother, *not,* as I assured everybody several times, when she was in Sheraton with me. Whenever Maureen goes to New York she has to ride on top of the Fifth Avenue bus from Washington Square all the way up Riverside Drive and back again, which besides costing twenty cents is a tremendous waste of the time which more Adult Minds would wish to spend in the movies. This is one of the many things about which there is no arguing with Maureen. She just simply *has* to, so on this particular day, when it became clear that Maureen could control herself no longer, Mother, who was very busy, decided that she was old enough to go alone, so she put her on the bus and left her. It was then that Maureen Accomplished her Awful Purpose. She got right off the bus at the next stop after Mother couldn't see her any more, went down to the City Hall and had her name changed.

"But, Maureen," Sally said, "How did you know where to go and what to do?"

"Oh, Judge Baker showed me. I told him about that friend of Father's called Uno Hoo, and I said I wanted the application blank for him. Of course, I gave a different address, too, on account of supposing to be a resident of New York."

"Didn't they even ask if you had your parents' permission," Father broke in. "I must say . . ."

"Oh, yes," Maureen answered. "But I knew they would. So in the place where it said: 'If applicant is a minor, parent or guardian sign here,' I put down your name, Father. You should have seen it," she added, looking conceited. "It looked just *like* your handwriting, Father; you couldn't have told the difference with a *telescope*. Just think, from now on I can sign all your letters and checks for you!"

Father got out of his chair with the most agile leap I have ever seen in a Man of his Years.

"Sally," he said to my Mother, for Mother's name is also Sally, after our oldest sister. "Sally, in all the long and interesting history of the Stoddards, there has never been a case like this. Maureen is obviously a throwback to the Schultzes, and I therefore turn her over to you. Personally, I am going out to send for a list of the less exclusive reformatories."

And he left the room in what can only be described as a Towering Rage. I did too.

So that is why my sister Maureen is at the Convent this fall instead of two years from this fall. As for her Tender Years, Father says she is Old in the Ways of Sin. Her literary genius has not gone unnoticed, however, for her original letter was reprinted as a Prize Winner last week in the International Pen Pals magazine, and 3,240 answers have been forwarded to her, since. But as Father says, that little situation is one the dear Nuns will have to cope with, as Maureen is now their responsibility. I'm certainly glad she is no longer mine, because Do Not Evade Responsibility is the fifth most important thing in our family. □

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A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS

The Intimidated Christians

ARNOLD LUNN

IT IS A little surprising that skeptics so seldom exploit the most plausible line of attack on Christians.

"If you Christians," the skeptic might well argue, "really believe that Christ rose from the dead, the Resurrection was infinitely, yes *infinitely*, the most important event in all recorded history. But do you Christians consistently treat it as such? In your schools, for instance? How many of your pupils could hold their own in later life in an argument with an atheist?"

It is no valid answer to such an attack to cite the exceptional school or university which does make a serious effort to produce laymen who in later life can make a real contribution to the reconversion of countries once Christian. Of such educational institutions I have personal experience, for shortly before the Second World War I spent three semesters on the faculty of Notre Dame University, Indiana, which in those days was concerned to produce laymen who in later life would make some contribution to the Christian counterattack on the secularism which was advancing as rapidly in America as in my own country. I was appointed to teach modern apologetics. When I first met my pupils I asked them to put on paper how they would defend the Resurrection in an argument with an atheist. Their replies were, with one exception, lamentable and yet all these boys had been educated at Catholic schools. When I congratulated the pupil who had produced the only creditable answer he said, "Well, there was a convert on our faculty last year, Christopher Hollis, and he made the Resurrection sound really interesting!"

I KNOW from personal experience that it is easy to interest people in the most fascinating of historical problems, man's ultimate destiny. Margaret Crawford in her obituary notice of a famous Alpine guide, Hilti von Allmen, recalls his excuse for being four hours late for an appointment with her after lunching with me: "How wonderfully interesting he can make theology sound."

The real problem, however, is to make theology sound dull, a problem which admittedly some teachers of apologetics have no difficulty in solving. Is man nothing but a mixture of chemicals and water destined after some three score years and ten to final extinction, or does he differ from the beasts that perish in kind no less than in degree? Is he in fact a creature with an immortal destiny? Could any question be of greater interest than this to an intelligent man?

It would be easier to capture the interest of the young for the Christian argument if the Biblical evidence for the supernatural were reinforced by a discussion of some of the modern phenomena which raise difficulties for a materialist, such as telepathy, extrasensory perception and psychical phenomena in general. It is possible to believe in the objective reality of such phenomena without accepting spiritualism, and equally possible to accept the evidence for some of the more striking miracles without accepting any particular religion. The late J. B. S. Haldane, for instance, who was an atheist, remarked in *Science and the Supernatural* that "there is a good deal of evidence for Hindu miracles." It is, however, arguable that the *cumulative* evidence for the supernatural is not merely impressive but overwhelming.

It is a pity that Christians could not have devised a less defeatist word than "apologetics" to describe the rational defense of the Christian Faith, for the word inevitably suggests an apologetic and defensive attitude to the Faith, and in fact far too many Christians are intimidated by the dominant ethos of the day, materialistic secularism. A Christian education should not only present the rational case *for* Christianity but also the rational case *against* secularism. The product of such an education should leave school with a cheerful disdain for the irrationality of atheism in its various disguises, of which Humanism is the most fashionable.

It is not easy to persuade anybody who calls himself a humanist to discuss his basic beliefs. Humanists prefer to imply that they are too civilized to waste time and thought on superstitions which the modern world has outgrown, but if the Christian persists, he will eventually extract the admission that the humanist does not believe in the supernatural, and however reluctant he may be to admit it, the rejection of the supernatural inevitably involves the acceptance of materialism.

No belief could possibly be more destructive of human dignity, and indeed of all of the human values in which the humanist professes to believe, than materialism, for if materialism be true, all our actions and all our thoughts are determined not by our reason but by physical forces acting on the matter of which our body and our brain are composed, and free will is a pathetic illusion. We have no logical basis either to praise or to blame. Hitler and Stalin, hurricanes, earthquakes and floods are phenomena which one may well deplore but which it is irrational to condemn. The materialist has no right to say, "You ought."

How can you hope," the materialist should be asked, "to convert anybody to materialism since you are compelled to admit that every word you utter is predetermined by material forces acting on that lump of matter which is called the brain? Your views are the by-product not of the reason but of matter. One might as well argue with you as with a fog." Try this line on the next Marxist you meet, and you will probably find that he is actually embarrassed by but totally unprepared for this obvious line of criticism, which he would certainly be familiar with if the Christian counterattack on Marxist materialism had been adequately organized. It is because no such counterattack has been organized that the religious aspect of Marxism is all but universally ignored in the reaction against such enormities as the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia by Russian troops.

By far the most important fact about Soviet Russia is not the lesson to be drawn from the economic failure of Communism, but the fact that Russia was the first country to impose atheism on its citizens as the state philosophy. It was the failure of the victors at the end of the Second World War to appreciate the ethical consequences of materialism which were primarily responsible for the tragic surrender of free countries, among them Poland and Czechoslovakia, to dictatorship as foul as that against which we had been fighting.

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Of course Russia promised ultimately to evacuate these countries, but what are Marxist promises worth? Any action which assists the advance of Marxism is deemed to be moral. "We repudiate all morality," said Lenin, "taken apart from human society and classes. We say that our morality is entirely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the Proletariat."

For its influence on the free world the Soviet Union relies less on those who describe themselves as Communists than on the intimidated non-Communists whose wishful thinking encourages them to believe that Russia is radically changing, and who are apparently sufficiently influential as propagandists for this dangerous illusion to have produced a salutary reaction in America. In 1962 the American Bar Association created a standing Committee on Education Against Communism, and it was under their auspices that Richard V. Allen, who has just been appointed to Mr. Nixon's foreign policy staff, produced *Peace or Peaceful Coexistence*. In an excellent foreword Mr. Bertram Wolfe explains how each new Russian maneuver or slogan, "peaceful coexistence" for instance, "has been greeted as the long-awaited 'fundamental transformation,' the 'sobering that comes from the responsible exercise of power over a great nation,'" etc. For the moment, of course, the Czech tragedy has silenced such rubbish, but before long we shall again be hearing about "the mellowing process that sooner or later overtakes all militant movements," whereas Christians should, of course, be commenting on the decadent processes that sooner or later overtake all Marxist movements.

I am old enough to remember a time when it was possible to believe, as I for one believed, that Huxley and other high-minded agnostics were fully justified in their conviction that when religion had been replaced by science and the authority of the churches finally broken, liberty would be universal and social and moral progress assured. But the elimination of religion has coincided with the elimination of the liberty in which Huxley so passionately believed.

If Communism had been outstandingly successful in its avowed objectives the loss of freedom might be justified as the necessary price to be paid for the increased prosperity of the working classes, but the Berlin Wall is the answer to such claims. If Marxism produced a workers' paradise, East Germany's problem would be to control immigration from West Germany. The East German problem is to control not immigration but emigration. When Adam and Eve sinned they were expelled from Eden, and Cherubims "with flaming swords . . . turned every way" to prevent them returning, but the Marxist substitute for Cherubims stand guard at the Berlin Wall, prepared to shoot anybody who attempts to escape from the Marxist Eden.

In the early years of Marxism the Communists predicted with confidence that in capitalist countries the poor would grow steadily poorer and the rich richer, and the gap between rich and poor would continue to expand, whereas the gap has steadily shrunk. The living standards of the working classes have continued to rise, whereas severe taxation has greatly reduced the money at the disposal of the wealthy.

Christianity, on the other hand, emerges triumphantly from the prediction test. The Victorian theologians who predicted that the decline of Christianity would be followed by an increase of crime and immorality were derided as foolish alarmists by high-minded agnostics, but their predictions have been tragically verified. That the decline of Christianity is one of the causes of the increase in crime is arguable, that the increase in crime has coincided with the declining influence of Christianity is a fact, and it is equally certain that the establishment of atheism as the state philosophy in Marxist countries is no advertisement for atheism.

The case for the supernatural has been reinforced by the consequences of atheism in Soviet Russia, but in countries once Christian, atheism in its various disguises, such as Humanism, is not yet in retreat. The majority of those who would be indignant if you challenged their right to describe themselves as Christians are not sufficiently interested in the greatest of all issues to study the consequences of attempting to impose atheism on Marxist countries. Christianity has, of course, its articulate and active supporters, but far too few. We still continue to send missionaries to what in less polite ages we described as "heathen lands," but most of us are unwilling to attempt the conversion of non-Christian friends. Meanwhile the Humanist attack not only on the Christian creed but also on the Christian code is persistent and increasing, and there is as yet no effective counterattack. Fortunately an increasing number of Christians are aware that it is not only our creed and code but also our culture which is being undermined, as indeed Chesterton warned us more than thirty years ago when in prophetic vein he insisted that "Our culture is dying because the cult which created it has been treated as dead." □

"For the last time, we atheists don't believe in Santa Claus."

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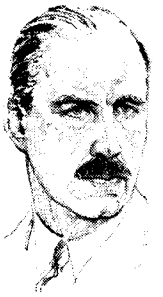
ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



MILITARY DICTATORSHIP IS NATURAL

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

An American or British reader will probably be disturbed by the title of this piece but, if he is an historian, he will, no doubt, react more calmly. The reason why military dictatorships do not seem "unusual," negative or even perverse to many of us in Europe is that we have had centuries of monarchy and realize that a genuine monarchy is, more often than not, potential military rule.

A military regime in Greece? A military dictatorship in Peru? High-ranking officers in command in Vietnam, Taiwan, Spain, Portugal, France, Pakistan, Brazil, Argentina, Congo-Kinshasa, Egypt, Algeria, Indonesia and so forth all testify to the fact that military leadership or dictatorship, conceived in our own civilization by Caesar, Cromwell and Napoleon, is most effectively established within a republican or pseudo-monarchical (Bonapartist) framework. In other words: it is in the democratic republic that the military is most likely to assume political power —usually, but not always, motivated by a rightist bias. (Stalin, after all, was proud of his title of Marshal—and so today is Tito.)

Military rule emerges in what is usually a period of national disintegration, a chaotic time characterized by furious party strife menacing the very existence of the country. Such an unfortunate evolution is also possible in a constitutional monarchy, but the universal awareness that a monarch, as the supreme commander, has behind him the armed wherewithal by which to prevent the worst, acts as a deterrent to the forces of revolution and anarchy. Of course, when a defeated army mutinies, the last element of security disappears and small, well-organized vigilante groups (supported by marauding soldiers) can easily take over. This is precisely what happened in Russia in 1917, and in Central Europe in 1918. In France, the defeats of 1870-71 and 1940 resulted in military domination; the collapse of the Fourth Republic brought de Gaulle to power.

Normally military men are not too eager to take over; they *usually* act only when provoked (as in the typical cases of Spain, Greece and Indonesia). We must not forget that the essence of the state is constitutionality, legality *and* power. The rule of law and order (what the Germans call *Rechtsstaat*) is possible only if an executive force is there to ensure it. In the natural process such a force would be the police supported by a functioning government (and, in the case of a republic, a viable representative body). What happens, however, if and when the country is paralyzed by violent ideological dissent and the administration riddled with corruption as the result of either bribery or "politics"? Since the officer, more often than not, has chosen his rarely renumerative career for patriotic reasons and, rightly or wrongly, believes that he must protect his country from foreign as well as internal enemies, he engages in the military coup d'état—a permanent phenomenon in Latin America ever since its decolonization in the nineteenth century and a recurrent European one since the beginning of the Republican interlude in 1918.

As a matter of fact, military dictatorships are usually established in a swift, well-organized manner and in the beginning, at any rate, encounter little opposition from the masses. As a rule, the takeover is preceded by periods of strikes and scandals, of demonstrations, work stoppages and economic uncertainty which make the restoration of "law and order" seem rather beneficial. True, the constitution is violated, but it would be naïve to assume that the masses are at all interested in legal abstractions. They value bread, leisure and security more highly than they do liberty. I cannot think of a single military dictatorship—with the exception of Spain—which, *in statu nascendi*, had to resist popular uprisings.

In Germany after World War II the situation was quite different. The essential guilt of the German Army dates back to 1932-1933 when it *failed* to establish a military dictatorship. Surely, it should have been the Army's duty to interrupt the democratic process which led to the dominance of the Nazi Party. Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, though not a monarchist, recognized the impending danger, and feeling morally compelled to combat it intended to restore the Hohenzollerns in order to forestall Hitler's rise to power. General Kurt Schleicher, on the other hand, planned a military dictatorship backed by the trade unions (another hierarchical organization), thus following the example set by Primo de Rivera. The trade unions, however, were unresponsive and, of course, soon paid heavily for their indifference. Schleicher was murdered in 1934 by the Nazis.

Western public opinion, so naïve in the subject of history, has a strong distaste for military dictatorship and usually prefers the risks of democracy. Yet there are circumstances which require that these risks must not be taken and lesser evils wisely chosen. Countries which do not expect to become involved in "foreign" wars are perhaps more prone to military dictatorship than those with commitments abroad. In the former, one might argue that the armed forces ought to be abolished altogether and, as in Iceland or Costa Rica, an able police force made responsible for the maintenance of law and order. On the other hand, however, a liquidation of the military establishment would eliminate the last obstacle in the path of an ideological tyranny. Military dictatorships, in spite of their occasional harshness, are rarely —if ever—ideological. Generals are disciplinarians, not ideologues. □

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REPORT FROM PALM SPRINGS

The Birdcage Conference

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE REPUBLICAN Governors Association met in Palm Springs, California, during the first week of December. It was a relaxed meeting (or at least as relaxed as a political meeting can be), described not without truth by Bob Hope as "a cabinet auction." Although no appointments were announced, it was apparent that some decisions had been made. Richard Nixon was heard to refer jocularly to Lieutenant-Governor Robert Finch of California as "Secretary Finch," Nelson Rockefeller's cabinet ambitions were revived, and George Romney, despite a typical kamikaze news conference (he used the word "brainwash" four times), seemed to have some grip on the Urban job.

Revolution Consolidated

Perhaps the most important aspect of the meeting, however, was what seemed implicit throughout the proceedings. The RGA, founded in 1963 to enable Republican governors "to take their proper position in expressing, developing, and preserving the philosophy of the Republican Party in all the states of the Union," appears to have decided that what is most significant in Republican philosophy is best embodied in the positions taken by the Western rather than the Eastern governors. The atmosphere, entertainment, and setting of the conference were Western, and it was run without a hitch by Governor Reagan's staff of Westerners, easily the youngest, most attractive, and most intelligent of the gubernatorial staffs. (The contrast between Ronald Reagan's people and those of Nelson Rockefeller is especially striking. Rockefeller's aides are also intelligent and efficient people, but they seem to belong to an older, almost anachronistic generation of machine politics and influence peddling.)

Reagan's appointment to the position left vacant by Governor Chafee is important to conservatives, for it may well signify the end of the hopes of Eastern liberals to control the philosophy and political direction of the party. And especially important is the way in which Reagan was appointed. No one objected. Even Nelson Rockefeller, the single most divisive figure in the party for the past half-decade, accepted the inevitable quietly and graciously, much to the gloomy dismay of the numerous Riponites (and Riponettes?) in attendance who had recently issued a nasty statement about the Nixon campaign, the tone and timing of which seemed calculated to cause Mr. Nixon a maximum of embarrassment during the delicate transition period. (In private conversations, the Riponites declared that the UPI and other media had distorted their views. It was suggested that they issue another statement.) Thus the conservative revolution begun by Barry Goldwater and his Western supporters in 1964 seems to have been consolidated, and the liberals appear willing to follow Governor Rockefeller's lead in eschewing counter-revolutionary activities for the sake of unity.

Although the atmosphere of unity pervaded the meeting, some participants were not pleased with it, chief among them the gentlemen of the press. ("Awful goddam crap," muttered one distinguished journalist as Dinah Shore delivered a sentimental but stirring rendition of *America the Beautiful* at the State Dinner. An elegant reporter, gulping down a glass of California champagne cadged from the table of what newsmen like to call "fat cats," expressed disgust at the paucity of black faces among the dinner guests and after a polite belch trudged off to his luxurious room at the Palm Springs Spa Hotel to compose a story which no doubt began by pointing out that while the ghettos burned the fat cats sipped champagne.)

The irritation of the media men is understandable. Unity is a dull topic, and there is certainly no story in the apparent triumph of a conservative movement which they have officially declared to be dead (and therefore, of course, there is no such thing as a conservative movement). Philosophical concepts are difficult to grasp, and the public, they believe, does not want to read about such things. A real story must have action. Now if Nelson Rockefeller were to take a poke at Ronald Reagan, or if Richard Nixon were to stub his toe in the middle of a wave and pitch headlong down the ramp of the Presidential airplane, there would be news fit to print. But unity and political concepts? Pish.

Agnew Quips

And so newsmen dog-paddled around the handsome pool of the Spa Hotel, ogled pretty teen-aged bathers, flirted with shapely waitresses, tried to sweat off paunches in the mineral baths, battled nervous hangovers, gorged on free food and drink about which they complained between gulps and swigs (the fare was excellent; surely newsmen are among the most pampered of God's people), and filed clever stories. (The single best account of the meeting was written, not by hedonistic representatives of the national press, but by a gentleman from the *Desert Sun,* a small Palm Springs paper.) And then, on the morning of the sixth, a real story finally broke. Governor Agnew stubbed his toe. Or so the press chose to believe.

Governor Agnew knows by now that he is not to be allowed the luxury of small talk. This is a pity, for he is a witty and articulate man. But he is much too accomplished a phrasemaker for the newsmen, who have decided that Republicans cannot have a sense of humor. And so, Mr. Agnew no longer quips with newsmen. (One recalls how Barry Goldwater, also cursed with a marvelous sense of humor, joked with reporters about lobbing a missile into the men's room of the Kremlin. This quip was treated with great solemnity, as if Goldwater had revealed his grand design for foreign policy.) And now, it appears that Agnew must not allow his wit to play even when chatting with his peers. On the morning of the sixth, in a closed meeting of the governors and their immediate staffs, Mr. Agnew apparently made some wry comments about certain publications. Some journals, the rumors have him saying, are more journals of execution than opinion. Such publications (rumor has it that he specifically mentioned *News-*

(Continues on page 1339)

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Ocean Hill Revisited

MAX GELTMAN

THE EDITORIAL, "Teacher, May We Please Ask a Question—And Not in Swahili?" (Dec. 3) was obviously intended as rebuttal to my article "On Learning Swahili" (Nov. 19). Aside from the opening sentence which exaggerates the debility of New York's "ill-housed schools," the editorial is a mélange of leftist-inspired daydreaming containing very little that is consonant with the realities as they exist in Ocean Hill-Brownsville. I shall confine my answer to a few observations that, I hope, are consistent with the spirit of prudence, fair play—and accuracy.

1. The teachers' union—regardless of the contentiousness of its leaders—has *not* been fighting "almost from the start" against the "experiment in decentralization." Albert Shanker went so far at the inception of the Ocean Hill project as to intercede with the Board of Education on behalf of the three unlicensed principals, hoping that they would prove as "popular" as the editorial thinks they are. As to the "popularity" of the principals, *it is a fact that never during all the time the Ocean Hill schools were open did more than half the children in the community turn up for instruction.*

Local Support?

2. There is absolutely no foundation for the assertion that the "local community" supports the Ocean Hill experiment. The facts are: the *community* has been largely ignored in the setting up of the local governing board which was "voted" in at a rump session of some parents and a number of black extremists. This local board which finds total approval in the editorial has been found illegally constituted by city, state and federal courts. After the illegal board established itself as an all-powerful consortium over the educational lives of the children of the eight schools of Ocean Hill, Negro leader John Burrus, head of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Committee on Democratic Education, gathered 3,000 signatures to a petition asking for supervised elections in the district to determine who should represent the neighborhood in helping the schools choose the methods of education best suited for the district. So far there has been no response to his petition.

3. Race and class hatred are indeed part of the curriculum in Ocean Hill. Charles S. Isaacs, a Rhody McCoy-appointed teacher at JHS 271, is quite proud of the new teaching for "social change" in that embattled district. But a bit of trouble has been encountered here from "conservative" parents who—damn it!—want their children to absorb such "middle class" wisdom as learning to read, write and figure. Nevertheless, Mr. Isaacs is convinced that "in time" he will be able "to bring about a change in the community's conservatism," but first a bit of "miseducation" will be necessary. (*NYT Magazine*, Nov. 24.)

4. No one denies that children in the so-called ghetto areas of the city are not up to par in reading and other skills. But to assume that any one-shot injection of "anti-establishment" and "social-change" ideology will solve the problem is not only naïve—it is dangerous. Whatever the cause, it will not be cured without careful, prudent, wise and slow advances, but advances they must be if human intelligence is to be asserted, not revolutionary haste and distemper. Yet when the editorial speaks of the innovations tried and proved one can only say that *it is just not so.* In the first place Ocean Hill is *not* "alone among the city's schools which has adopted bilingual teaching for Spanish-speaking children" (even assuming it is desirable). Public School 25 in the Bronx has a similar program and about a dozen junior high schools maintain an active science program in Spanish. Nor is Ocean Hill unique in having "adopted new reading programs adapted to ghetto youngsters" and it is certainly not a "leader" in having "ungraded teaching programs in which duller pupils are given extra help," etc., etc. This latest novelty is about as "new" as the oldest forays in this field by the progressive educationists.

5. As for the editorial disdain for the merit system, what could replace it? The old pork barrel? Or the new *schrecklichkeit*? Surely it has to be improved to take account of new needs, but let us not—in our revolutionary zeal—throw out the old teachers and all the old methods, before new and better teachers and methods have been tested and proved and found desirable. Surely change is called for, but *ordered* change, not capitulation to violence and threats to kill a principal and to rape his daughter if he doesn't "get out" as happened in one Brooklyn school the other day. (When the disciples of Eldridge Cleaver speak of rape one has just reason to take such threats seriously.)

Sorry Example

6. Were the editorialist really concerned with *meaningful* decentralization—not local *control* by any group that has the power to terrorize a community—he could hardly have chosen a sorrier example for his concern than Ocean Hill-Brownsville. This is not a proper paradigm for decentralization, but for apartheid and belongs in the category of the twin evils of *forced* integration and *forced* segregation.

7. Finally, it must be understood that Ocean Hill is not primarily engaged in an experiment in education, but in proving the separatist thesis of certain black fanatics. They are intent in demonstrating that America represents a form of colonial oppression in which all Negroes are the downtrodden and all (capitalist) whites the imperialist ruling class, bent on suppressing the colonial minority. Here at Ocean Hill the Black Revolution has established a beachhead. Here at JHS 271 classes for adults on revolutionary Marxism have been instituted—at the public expense. Here the Black Panthers are a power. It would be sad indeed if in a misguided effort to help the Negro community help itself we permit it to become a satrapy of those extremists who speak of the local schools in the gutter and gang language as "our turf"; who terrorize and frighten it out of its common sense; who hope to achieve by force and threats of force a violent confrontation that will surely tear our cities—and our nation—apart. □

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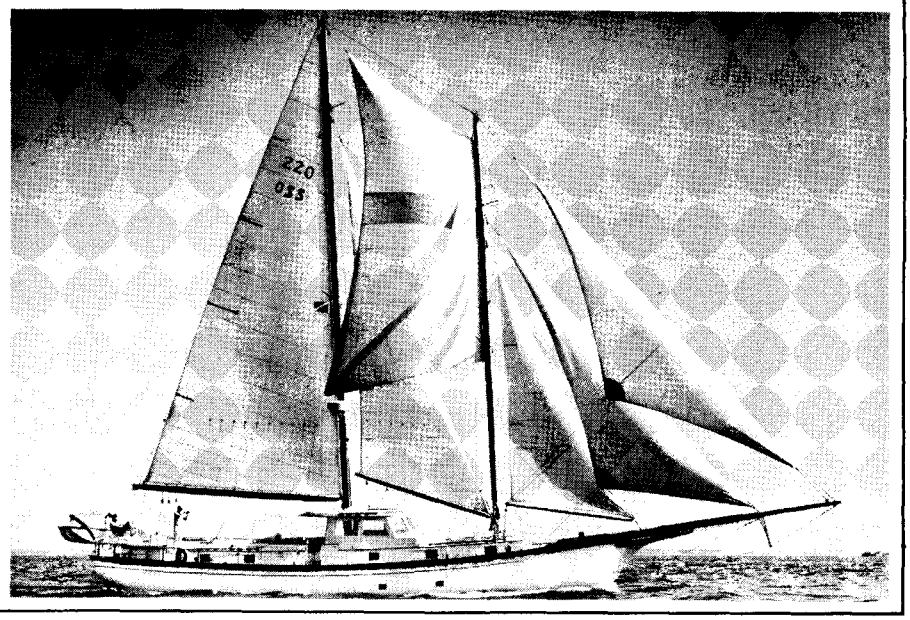

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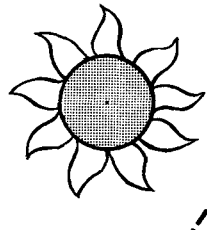

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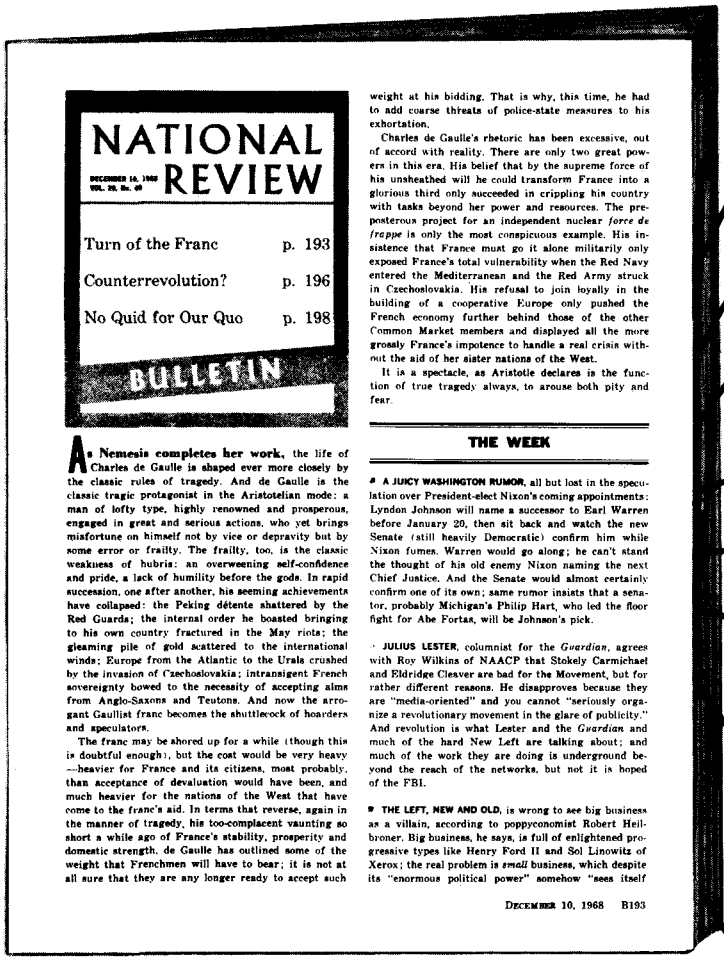

NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 10, 1968 VOL. 20, No. 49

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Counterrevolution? p. 196

No Quid for Our Quo p. 198

BULLETIN

As Nemesis completes her work, the life of Charles de Gaulle is shaped ever more closely by the classic rules of tragedy. And de Gaulle is the classic tragic protagonist in the Aristotelian mode: a man of lofty type, highly renowned and prosperous, engaged in great and serious actions, who yet brings misfortune on himself not by vice or depravity but by some error or frailty. The frailty, too, is the classic weakness of hubris: an overweening self-confidence and pride, a lack of humility before the gods. In rapid succession, one after another, his seeming achievements have collapsed: the Peking détente shattered by the Red Guards; the internal order he boasted bringing to his own country fractured in the May riots; the gleaming pile of gold scattered to the international winds; Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals crushed by the invasion of Czechoslovakia; intransigent French sovereignty bowed to the necessity of accepting alms from Anglo-Saxons and Teutons. And now the arrogant Gaullist franc becomes the shuttlecock of hoarders and speculators.

The franc may be shored up for a while (though this is doubtful enough), but the cost would be very heavy —heavier for France and its citizens, most probably, than acceptance of devaluation would have been, and much heavier for the nations of the West that have come to the franc's aid. In terms that reverse, again in the manner of tragedy, his too-complacent vaunting so short a while ago of France's stability, prosperity and domestic strength, de Gaulle has outlined some of the weight that Frenchmen will have to bear; it is not at all sure that they are any longer ready to accept such weight at his bidding. That is why, this time, he had to add coarse threats of police-state measures to his exhortation.

Charles de Gaulle's rhetoric has been excessive, out of accord with reality. There are only two great powers in this era. His belief that by the supreme force of his unsheathed will he could transform France into a glorious third only succeeded in crippling his country with tasks beyond her power and resources. The preposterous project for an independent nuclear *force de frappe* is only the most conspicuous example. His insistence that France must go it alone militarily only exposed France's total vulnerability when the Red Navy entered the Mediterranean and the Red Army struck in Czechoslovakia. His refusal to join loyally in the building of a cooperative Europe only pushed the French economy further behind those of the other Common Market members and displayed all the more grossly France's impotence to handle a real crisis without the aid of her sister nations of the West.

It is a spectacle, as Aristotle declares is the function of true tragedy always, to arouse both pity and fear.

THE WEEK

■ **A JUICY WASHINGTON RUMOR,** all but lost in the speculation over President-elect Nixon's coming appointments: Lyndon Johnson will name a successor to Earl Warren before January 20, then sit back and watch the new Senate (still heavily Democratic) confirm him while Nixon fumes. Warren would go along; he can't stand the thought of his old enemy Nixon naming the next Chief Justice. And the Senate would almost certainly confirm one of its own; same rumor insists that a senator, probably Michigan's Philip Hart, who led the floor fight for Abe Fortas, will be Johnson's pick.

■ **JULIUS LESTER,** columnist for the *Guardian,* agrees with Roy Wilkins of NAACP that Stokely Carmichael and Eldridge Cleaver are bad for the Movement, but for rather different reasons. He disapproves because they are "media-oriented" and you cannot "seriously organize a revolutionary movement in the glare of publicity." And revolution is what Lester and the *Guardian* and much of the hard New Left are talking about; and much of the work they are doing is underground beyond the reach of the networks, but not it is hoped of the FBI.

■ **THE LEFT, NEW AND OLD,** is wrong to see big business as a villain, according to poppyconomist Robert Heilbroner. Big business, he says, is full of enlightened progressive types like Henry Ford II and Sol Linowitz of Xerox; the real problem is *small* business, which despite its "enormous political power" somehow "sees itself

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DELECTATIONS

Buon (Whap!) Natale

CHARLES FOLEY

COMMUTERS surging from Rome's Central Station hear it and tremble: the sound of Christmas-Yet-to-Come, a joyful, primitive wailing produced by the *pifferari* of the *zampognari*-men. These harbingers of the Italian festive season are wrapped in greyish sheepskins and leather britches. Stubbly-chinned, they patrol in pairs, one playing bagpipes, the other a shepherd's pipe. They come from the Abruzzi mountains, where shepherds watch their flocks by night; nor will they return for a month, for this is a Centuries-Old Custom. Until mid-January every street in Rome will enjoy their rustic attentions.

It pays, too. About $30 a day. There are even fraudulent zampi-men who promenade with tape-recorders under their sheepskins. They get their noses pulled by the real article.

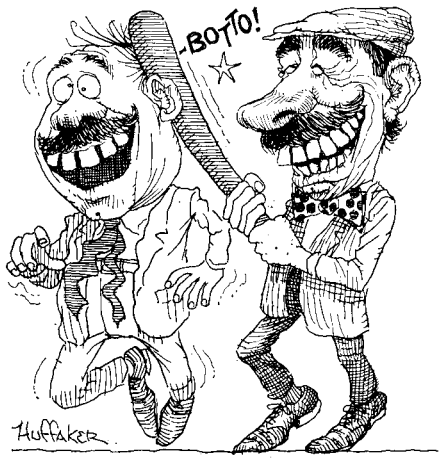
Down in Piazza Navona, the Eternal City's big Christmas fair is under way. The great oblong of the piazza is lined with stalls and booths facing inwards towards Bernini's three fountains. Colored candy, candy-colored dolls, cowboy suits, space suits, all the merry junk of Christmas is eagerly snatched up. Six separate Santas operate in this one piazza. They get a big cut from the photographers, because getting Junior photographed with *Babbo Natale* is a Christmas must.

Shopping crowds, germ-filled, frenetic, squeeze and struggle in the congested streets. (About half a million have the latest brand of Asian flu—"Mao's Malady," titters the *Rome Daily American.*) The joyous squash is thickest in the heart of the old city, between the Corso and Piazza di Spagna. Giant electric snowflakes dangle. Teams of prowling Santas invade Via Frattina, street of the luxury shops. Once I saw a three-way Santa fight—a matter of territorial rights.

Along Via Veneto, café patrons huddle from the cold in the new glass houses. Embassy Americans and foreigners from FAO (the UN agency which has made a start in feeding the hungry millions by solving the problem of tax-free living for itself) loudly discuss the best way to get home. A ravishing German girl takes off one shoe and says, "I think everyone here is so genuine."

The churches are crowded. They all advertise a crib. The *presepio* is Italy's answer to the Nordic Christmas tree. Every family makes one from figurines on sale in the stores. At the Central Station, it's as big as a shop-window. Members of Rome's public services (life-size, uniformed, waxen) gather round a Mother and Child who sit transfixed by a reddish spotlight. Taped carols play in the background. The bed of small change thrown across the barrier grows steadily.

The most famous cribs are in the churches of Santa Maria degli Angeli, Sant' Alessio, Santa Maria in Via, Santi Cosma e Damiano. But dearest to the Roman heart is that of Santa Maria Aracoeli, which nestles behind the Victor Emmanuel wedding-cake monument. Here the *Santo Bambino,* a



wonder-working image of the Infant Jesus, has its home. The *Bambino* was carved by angels in olive wood from the Garden of Gethsemane and, following a Centuries-Old Custom, it is taken about Rome to the bedsides of the sick. Once it went by gilded coach. Today it travels by taxi. Its usual home is a small chapel off the north transept, where it lies amid hundreds of letters from around the world requesting its intercession in health matters. But each Christmas it becomes the centerpiece of a splendid crib, and is carried out in ceremony to bless Rome from the head of the great flight of steps. My only regret is that you cannot see the quality of the angelic craftsmanship, for the *Bambino*'s friends and admirers have covered him from head to foot in jewels.

Santa Maria Aracoeli is the scene of another charming festive function. On Christmas afternoon, the gilded ceiling resounds to the voices of several hundred young Romans, none over ten years of age, who come to recite pieces they have learned by heart. Sacred poems, Nativity stories are read, sometimes with giggles, more usually with awe-inspiring self-confidence.

BUT, like many things in Italy, it all goes on too long. A full fortnight elapses between the first gift-giving and the last—at Epiphany, our Twelfth Night. And New Year's Eve intervenes.

Here the Centuries-Old Custom is to throw out of the window anything useless and breakable. In the midnight hail of empty Chianti bottles, used light bulbs and old chairs people get hurt, cars damaged. The police frown and press pundits shake their wise heads. *Il Messagero*'s office analyst has investigated the problem in depth. His first article is headed "Sign of Infantile Aggression in an Archaic Ritual," and it tells you why boys throw firecrackers between girls' legs. So what else is new? Well, there's Befana. Befana is a good witch. She has a broomstick and all the fittings, but she's a good witch—we *like* women in Italy—and she's much, much more important than Father Christmas. All the best presents are given to the children at Epiphany, over which she presides. She fills good children's stockings with good things, and bad children's with lumps of coal. Or threatens to.

Good adults gather in Piazza Navona on the evening of January 5 for a carnival junket which spreads throughout the city. If you enjoy the sight of middle-aged gentlemen striking each other over the head with pink plastic clubs, this is for you. It's a Roman's duty to give his neighbor a *botto.* A *botto* is a thump on the head, but so much more—all the Spirit of Christmas is contained in that Merry Clunk. Anyone may *botto* anyone else, male or female, and this season there are students about who really mean it. The Piazza Navona party goes into the early

(Continues on p. 1339)

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RUSSELL KIRK

EDUCATIONAL DECADENCE IN BRITAIN

FROM THE ACADEMY

With a precipitateness impeded only by budgetary difficulties, the British government is breaking down the system of education —or, rather, *systems*—which have been developed in England and Scotland over many centuries. The old grammar schools and high schools, with their strict standards, are being converted into egalitarian "comprehensive" schools, theoretically on an American pattern. The universities are compelled to accept a mob of young people who formerly never would have been admitted—and standards alter accordingly.

And the latest proposal of the Wilson government is to abolish the old public schools—the chartered boarding schools, that is—except for a few that would be democratized. One may find a systematic and dispassionate analysis of this vast blunder in a recent book by Dr. James D. Koerner, *Reform in Education: England and the United States* (Delacorte Press). Mr. Koerner knows perhaps better than anyone else what is wrong with American education, and what reforms are possible. In *Reform in Education*, he points out that despite much British enthusiasm for what Englishmen fancy to be the virtues of American public instruction, British educators and the British public generally are unaware of the sorry mistakes made in these United States—or of how we Americans are beginning to remedy some of our earlier educational errors.

Five years ago, the Newson Report to the Advisory Council for Education (England) recommended that British schools be radically reorganized in order to improve opportunities for the less gifted or less affluent half of the population.

"My belief assumes that all children, except the small minority of mentally retarded, can respond to a systematic basic education when it is in the hands of able teachers," Dr. Koerner writes, "and that they are in far greater need of it for the life they must live in this age than they are of training for particular jobs or of school activities designed to adjust them in one way or another to society."

Addressing British readers, Dr. Koerner argues that the Newson revolution commits the worst errors of the doctrinaire Deweyites in America—and injures the minds of those whom it professes to elevate. "Your Newson Report is based on precisely the opposite assumption, and my disappointment at reading it was deep. As I made my way through this interesting but verbose and convoluted document, I kept asking myself if it was really going to be necessary for American educational history to repeat itself in every other advanced country of the world. I kept asking myself why you, like the Swedes, should now be proposing to commit all of the mistakes that we committed in the education of our own 'Newson children.' I was even more disappointed to see the uncritical reception that this report enjoyed throughout Britain."

Very tardily, a fair number of Englishmen and Scots are coming to perceive that Mr. Koerner's words have weight. When the Conservatives held their annual education conference this summer, there rose up the redoubtable Mr. Enoch Powell, who addressed himself chiefly to the notion that "educational growth" will produce economic growth.

THE ROBBINS REPORT, published in 1963, was for British universities what the Newson Report was for primary and secondary schooling. In obedience to the holy writ of Robbins, British universities have been persuaded or dragooned into a hasty and indiscriminate expansion—with the goal of 346,000 university students in Britain by 1980-81, this figure being a fixed proportion of school graduates.

As usual, Mr. Powell did not mince his words. "We should get rid of the crazy rule-of-thumb expansion of the undergraduate and post-graduate population," he declared. "It is no accident but significant and logical, that the phenomena of the labor market—the union, the shop steward, the strike, even the lockout—have made their appearance in higher education." And he argued that the increase of formal education is no more a direct cause of economic growth than the increase of leisure or the increase of automobiles can be considered the *cause*—rather than the consequence—of economic development.

"THERE IS NO presumption," Powell went on, "in favor of any particular ratio of further and higher education to school education, and no reason to assume that the volume of post-school education must necessarily expand at the same rate as the school population generally or of sixth forms in particular.

"There is no presumption that the higher teaching staff can be increased without loss of quality, as fast as the number of potential students increases. Size and quality of staff should be regarded as setting the outer limit to the rate of expansion of further and higher education."

Just so. But on the theory of *ex America lux*, in part, the present masters of Britain have been endeavoring to create their counterparts of Behemoth State University, U.S.A. It remains to be seen whether Oxbridge and the old Scottish universities can survive the degradation of the democratic dogma in the higher learning.

American educational experiments, whatever their virtues and their vices, were undertaken in the context of American society. To substitute an educational pattern from over the water is perplexing—particularly when the authors of an educational revolution have only the foggiest notion of how their American model functions. □

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Utopias by the Dozen

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Environment and Change: The Next Fifty Years
Edited by William R. Ewald Jr.
Indiana, $10.00
Beyond Left and Right: Radical Thought for Our Times
Edited by Richard Kostelanetz
Morrow, $7.95

Utopianism is a numbers racket. We have more good ideas and less chance to implement them than ever before. The reasons for our abundant utopian theory and our abundant impotence are related: we live in an age of sociological plenitude. Or, rather, of sociological excess. Good ideas are legion. Each good idea—or, certainly, every other one—has a pressure group to support it. Every genius has his determined band of supporters, ardent and well-financed.

But genius has always been a difficult thing to handle, as Galileo and the Church found out to their mutual displeasure. In the Sixties, genius rises to the top with a vigor that belies the social homogenization dominating our history since 1930. Cream collects. The developed nations, East and West, have difficulty accommodating their good minds.

Genius plus genius begets conflict, and Western society today is a series of mini-confrontations between little Lenins and little Trotskys of the intellect, sniping at each other's pet utopian solutions. Sometimes there is a brief, beautiful coalescence of healthy radicalisms blessing each other—a Moynihan and a Friedman praising the negative income tax and each other and thinking "What good ideas we have." But more often there is conflict.

Society cannot often accommodate too many good ideas. Consider, for instance, the postal system. Should the Post Office Department become a publicly-owned corporation? Should the Post Office have competition? Should one work within the system for improvement? Or is mail going to become obsolete as telecommunications become less expensive and more completely available in the remoter areas of the planet? No one knows, but for every question asked about the postal system, there is a questioner who wants to push his own solution to the problem. And depending on where his base of operations is—the Post Office Department, the White House, AT&T, a nascent private postal service, a university communications department—his ideas are being supported and financed and publicized.

Clash and crisis: nothing happens, except that we still get our mail late, pay a lot to mail a letter, and grouse at the postman. The forces pushing any one idea are sufficient to block any other idea. For instance, the congressional perk of getting new post offices built and influencing the choice of postmasters will probably effectively block any competition to the postal system we now know. And some congressmen are bright, working-within-the-system for-change idealists who have good ideas about improving the mail service. Their way.

So while our wells run dry, our think tanks are overflowing. The overflow is finding its way into anthologies like *Environment and Change* and *Beyond Left and Right: Radical Thought for Our Times*. Both volumes have a noble enough aim: to identify and suggest remedies for some of the crises that beset our society, to tell us what the next fifty years are going to be like. Their unstated purpose is to define the areas in which we are going to be inactive as we move towards 2000.

Environment and Change works best as a list of problems to be attended to and reasons why they won't respond to treatment. *Beyond Left and Right* suggests some convergence on solutions, but the convergence is mostly a convergence of despair. One look into the rivers described by Senator Gaylord Nelson is sufficient to convince the most resilient reader that the problem, like the sludge and grime, is insoluble.

The much-celebrated generation gap shows up in utopian writing as a tension between militant assertion and polite despair. Gunnar Myrdal, for instance, pens a paean of anguish to the intractability of the American electorate: why don't they care more? David Bazelon, on the other hand, writing with the zeal of a believer, suggests that "we must embark upon a conscious dismantling of the profit motive." Right there in black and white on page 271 of *Environment and Change*. Myrdal recognizes that he writes with "almost desperation"; his causes are already lost. Bazelon, alas, believes that society may be responsive to the kind of change he supports. He is the kind of idealist who would have to effect a chemical change in the human brain to achieve the society he envisions.

Through all his verbiage, Buckminster Fuller manages to bring some order out of the chaos of conflicting utopian manifestoes. In one of his anti-think-tank missiles, Fuller notes that "to serve one hundred per cent will involve a world design revolution. . . ." (The sentence goes on a good bit more and like many Fullerisms will send the thinkers scurrying back to their tanks to figure out the syntax.) What he means is that change involves radical disruption of the bases of power we usually depend on.

Fuller, who appears four times in Richard Kostelanetz's collection, broods like a sanguine guru over his radical

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co-thinkers, teaching Proverbs to a generation that wants to hear the Song of Songs. Yet while recognizing a kind of collective will to work, Fuller also seems to recognize that amelioration can hardly be found this side of revolution. And on this point most of the contributors to both volumes agree. Myrdal, for all his perambulations, hits on a key point: it is difficult to mobilize public opinion to effect any kind of drastic change. The masses don't want to be radicalized.

Myrdal's frightened recognition of inertia finds a response in John Burchard's analysis of "The Culture of Urban America" in *Environment and Change*. Burchard points out that "great things in our great cities have come from the courageous, often dictatorial, decisions of individuals." And true as Burchard's point is, one wonders if the significance does not lie in his use of the past tense. The pressures against change are so great that overcoming them will involve risking great unpopularity, offending numerous pressure groups. Is the time not past when, even in the limited context of a great city, an individual can make a decision that will effect an appreciable change?

Surely the realistic basis that one searches much utopian thinking for in vain is a recognition that ameliorative change (or, indeed, any change) can take place only when the potential implementers of change are willing to use power.

THERE IS NO more unlikely utopian than Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, nor is there a mayor who more lusts more visibly to be known as a utopian innovator than Mayor John Lindsay. Daley is a creature of the political machine, a man who knows its mechanisms well enough to dictate its direction. Mayor Lindsay is a clean, healthy brooder, getting all the best advice he can by keeping all ears to the ground. Yet of the two, Mayor Daley is the one with the ability to implement drastic reform were he to want to.

The difference lies in the willingness to use power. Mayor Daley has it, Mayor Lindsay does not. Neither man has performed wonders for his city. Mayor Daley has been roundly condemned in the liberal press for his use of power during the Democratic convention, and Mayor Lindsay has been acclaimed for . . . well, he has been acclaimed. But it is Mayor Lindsay's New York that is in chaos, not Mayor Daley's Chicago. And preventing a total breakdown of services may be the kind of minimal utopian success for which men should be praised in 1968.

The will to govern is the *sine qua non* of the small utopian triumphs still possible. The will to govern involves the will to offend pressure groups. The utopian who will be worth listening to is the utopian who can get himself elected—and once elected, retain the will to use his powers decisively. The limitations upon power—particularly power in the localized sense—are firmly established. Within these limitations, a radical leadership—which in the Sixties would have to be conservative in order to be radical—would have to be willing to use the means available to it to alter the structures which contribute so much to our contemporary disillusionment and alienation. The radical leader of the last half of the twentieth century will be the leader willing to offend man in the aggregate for the sake of man in the particular. □

Selected Poetry
By Roy Campbell; Edited by Joseph M. Lalley
Regnery, $6.95

SOLDIER, BULLFIGHTER, MAN AND POET

JEFFREY HART

Roy Campbell belonged to one of the pioneer families of South Africa: his ancestors were builders, educators, statesmen, founders of schools, community leaders. Growing up, Campbell was intimate with the wildness of the back country, a familiar of jungle fauna and of the blacks—and for the South African blacks he always possessed the greatest sympathy and regard. In what is probably his best book, *Light on a Dark Horse*—a too little known classic of autobiography—he preserves this South African boyhood for us in colorful and loving detail. In many ways he reminds us of Kipling, raised on the borders of the Empire and always having his roots there, always more or less at odds with the center, London, Conrad's great town brooding under the gloom.

England, Campbell very largely could not take. His intellectual life during his adult years consisted of a series of guerrilla raids on English literary, political and religious culture. He quickly abandoned Oxford, lived for a while in Wales with his young wife, and then embarked on a wandering, bohemian, adventurous existence in the south of France and in Spain. Like Hemingway he was a sportsman and something of a brawler—a bullfighter, a fisherman, a hunter, a soccer-player. Meanwhile, he fired off literary broadsides, designing his verse to be everything modern poetry—as he thought—was not: vigorous, passionate, manly, disciplined. He wanted to be a poet of action and combat.

Free verse and prose are slippers
for the dons
Unfit to clang this marching age of
bronze

Accordingly he favored rhyme, and usually the heroic couplet, using the rhyme to discipline the enormous energy of his narrative and his descriptions.

FORTUNATELY, or unfortunately, depending upon how you look at it, he was a better man than poet, and I cannot think that he succeeded in his poetic enterprise. The best modern poetry has evolved techniques which give to each word its due weight in the line. The controlled and often subtle rhythms do not permit us to move either too quickly or too slowly. There is no slurring. The words are very much *there*. Far from being "slippers for the dons," the poetry written by such contemporaries of Campbell as Eliot, Pound, Stevens, and Marianne Moore represented a highly exacting art, far more disciplined than his. I have been working a good deal this year on Pound's *Cantos*, and to move from them to Campbell's poetry is like entering a room where a large jukebox is playing rock music. The insistent beat abuses the mind, blocking the apprehension of both music and meaning. His couplets are not the intricate, subtly orchestrated structures of Pope, but the biff bang broadsides of Charles Churchill. It is significant, I think, that Campbell's translations of French and Spanish poetry are more satisfactory than his original work. The poems he was translating refined his rhythms, got in the way of that insistent beat.

This is not to say that there are not

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good things in Campbell. The second quatrain of his pleasant short lyric entitled "The Dead Torero" contains a striking and original image:

Shattered, that Toledo-tempered spine!
Hollow, the chrysalis, his gentle hand,
From which those wide imperial moths were fanned
Each in its hushed miraculous design.

Yet even here there are far too many adjectives clogging the verse—too many, certainly, for the work they do. And "gentle hand," an expression not substantiated in any way, becomes merely a cliché. Campbell should have taken to heart Pound's dictum that poetry should be at least as well written as prose. Campbell's prose, indeed, is far superior to his poetry.

He felt that rhyme disciplined the verse; and indeed it may. But often he failed to use rhyme to proper effect:

So huge a burden to support
Your courage, Sisyphus, would ask;
Well though my heart attacks its task,
Yet art is long and time is short.

By definitely separating verse from prose, rhyme allows one to use normal syntax and word order—an advantage, unless some good reason exists for departing from the norm. Rhyme takes the pressure off other poetic devices. Yet here we have a tortuous inversion and a radically displaced syntax. And to what purpose?

Campbell's satire is sometimes fun, and he had a eye for the truth. On Communism:

It was the literate lounging class of Spain
That first conceived this rabies of the brain.
The hardest workers, those that read the least,
Could still distinguish Beauty from the Beast.

Or on the social side of English literary life:

The Stately Homes of England ope their doors
To piping Nancy-boys and crashing bores.

Still, if it's twentieth-century satire you want, Eliot's early poems are the place to go. Compare the above generalities

to Mr. Apollinax and Professor Channing-Cheetah, to Prufrock and Sweeney.

It is to Campbell's everlasting credit, however, that he had the right instincts about the war in Spain. He was living there, and he saw what was happening: the foreign ideological influence, the spreading violence. His poem on Spain, *Flowering Rifle*, is bombastic and unreadable, but he saw the essence of modern history laid bare.

The outbreak of fighting caught him in Toledo. He escaped and fought on the Nationalist side. Good for him. □

The French Enlightenment and the Jews
By Arthur Hertzberg
Columbia, $12.50

ENLIGHTENED ANTISEMITES

MAX GELTMAN

Let's say so at the start: this book is larger than its theme. It not only embraces the area of special concern embodied in the title, but it is also, and more significantly, a pervasive examination of the *philosophes*, whose teachings led inevitably to the French Revolution and, just as ineluctably, to the totalitarian horrors of our own time.

Other recent works, especially J. L. Talmon's *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*, have set forth the awful outlines of our own grim confrontation with the cruel realities of the concentration-camp politics of Soviet and Nazi ideology, but Mr. Hertzberg has filled in these outlines. His work, a monument of scholarship and true learning, may yet help to bring about a complete re-evaluation of the Age of Enlightenment. Such a re-examination would provide compelling evidence that all, or almost all, the major social and political evils of our time—Fascism, Communism, Nazism, antisemitism and racism—owe their origins to those professional intellectuals of the eighteenth century who wrote the charter of "humanist liberalism." Foremost among them were Voltaire, the Baron d'Holbach, and the encyclopedist Diderot. They didn't like Jews and would rather have seen them go to the gallows than achieve equal rights with "enlightened" Frenchmen.

In their zeal to dethrone revealed religion as base superstition and to substitute for it the goddess Reason, they sometimes went to outrageous lengths in heaping scorn and contumely upon the people of the Book, denouncing Jews with such vile slanders that they shocked the sensibilities of the best Christians of the time. Simultaneously they were building their own monument for posterity, to be remembered for their "tolerance" (these most intolerant of men) and for their liberalism (these most illiberal representatives of the human spirit).

YET THERE WERE giants of the free spirit, too, in those days. The author juxtaposes the viewpoints and influences of two men—Voltaire and Montesquieu. The teachings of the first led directly to the French Revolution—and the Terror; the second influenced to an enormous degree the development of the American Revolution. Without spelling it out in so many words, Mr. Hertzberg seems to see eye to eye with the distinguished historian Page Smith who, in his biography of John Adams, makes precisely this point, observing that it is indeed to Montesquieu that we owe the concept of the balance of governmental powers. What is of equal importance, as far as the author's thesis goes, is that Montesquieu, in his insistence on equal rights for the Jews, saw the Jew whole, with his vices and virtues. He saw him as a human being, all too human, perhaps, but never as Voltaire saw him—the perpetual and wandering criminal of history.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ BOOKS: *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language,* five years in the making, will be out next fall —all 1600 pages, 5000 pictures and 150,000 entries of it (American Heritage/Houghton Mifflin). . . . The *Praeger History of Civilization,* to comprise 25 illustrated volumes, has been launched with Sabatino Moscati's *The World of the Phoenecians* ($10). . . . Fleet plans a series of reprints of first editions of Great American Novels; first two, due in March, are *The Red Badge of Courage* and *The Scarlet Letter;* others will follow at the rate of six per annum ($5.50 each). . . . *The American Literary Anthology/2* is a bag of essays, fiction and poetry from dozens of little magazines, edited by Peter Ardery and George Plimpton of the *Paris Review* (Random House, January, $5.95/$2.95 paperback). In *Heard Round the World,* six historians examine the effects of the American Civil War on other countries—e.g. the collapse of the French textile industry, the growth of a Lincoln cult in Latin America (Knopf, $7.95).

Geoffrey T. Hellman has written *Bankers, Bones and Beetles,* a centennial history of the American Museum of Natural History (Doubleday, January, $4.95). . . . *Eternal Quest* is a chronicle of the great naturalists and their snoopings, by Alexander Adams (Putnam, January, $10.95). . . . The Sierra Club continues to make its very handsome, very expensive picture books available in paperback; newest is *This Is the American Earth,* a collection of photographs by Ansel Adams (Ballantine, $3.95). . . . Also brought within reach in paperback is *Picasso's Picassos,* photographed by David Douglas Duncan (Ballantine, $3.95).

At last someone (Harold F. Hutchison) has done *The Poster: An Illustrated History from 1860* (Viking, $14). . . . The Delaware River valley in Eastern Pennsylvania has long been fertile ground for artists and illustrators. In *The Brandywine Tradition,* Henry C. Pitz traces the school from its founder, Howard Pyle, through the three Wyeths of Chadd's Ford (Houghton, January, $12.95).

■ ODD ENDS: *The Valentine and Its Origins* by Frank Staff goes all the way back to the Roman Lupercalia; it's thoroughly illustrated (Praeger, January, $12.50). . . . Kathleen Szasz has written *Petishism,* a study of why people do things like dress up their toy poodles in raincoats and little rubber boots (Holt, January, $5.95). . . . *Snakes: The Keeper and the Kept,* by zoo curator Carl Kauffeld, is full of hints for the amateur herpetologist (Doubleday, $5.95). . . . No snake at all, says F. W. Holiday, is *The Great Orm* [Old Scandinavian for sea monster] *of Loch Ness;* it's a giant worm. He saw it once. (Norton, January, $5.95). . . . Dirty book, anyone? Just out is *The Secret Diary of Ho Chi Minh's Daughter* (Lancer, $1.25).

In defense of Voltaire it has often been argued that he attacked the Jews not because they were Jews, but because they were directly responsible for having seduced the pagan and classical Romans (whom he admired) into adopting a faith founded by "an obscure Jewish fanatic," as d'Holbach put it. Voltaire has been thus defended these two hundred years in all the secular circles of humanism, especially after one of his greatest disciples, Karl Marx, pronounced a century later that "Man is the supreme being for man." After that it was only a relatively short run to Auschwitz. If the reader doesn't see the connection, I can only beg off in a relatively short review by saying, so be it.

It needs to be added that these "enlightened antisemites" among the aristocrat-intellectuals resented the rise of an emerging bourgeois class permeated with ideas of enterprise and individual initiative, an economic and social condition which they attributed to the Jews. In fact, in later years, Werner Sombart was to assign the invention of capitalism to them—which even the most enterprising of Jews, beholden to the *Zeitgeist,* seem to resent. Of more than passing interest, in this connection, is the illumination thrown by Mr. Hertzberg on the character and thinking of Isaac de Pinto, to whom modern society is indebted for its understanding of the market, credit, and exchange.

But this is not the whole book. Of more interest perhaps to the specialized reader, but never pedantic and never dull, is the elaborate analysis of the two conflicting communities of French Jews. One, living in Bordeaux, was proud, arrogant, rich, speaking Spanish or Portuguese, many of them former Marranos; the other, poor, tradition-bound, more numerous, spoke Yiddish and was situated in Metz and Alsace.

IF THE AUTHOR is to be faulted at all, it is because he has failed to consider what I regard as crucial to the problem of understanding the development of secular social (and socialist) antisemitism, namely, the question of why Jews, in significant numbers, have helped to elevate their detractors and either ignored or denounced their benefactors. For instance, the Universal Jewish Encyclopedia devotes a tightly-packed column-and-a-half of biographical material to Voltaire, *but not a single word to Montesquieu.* To add insult to superfluity, the writer touches all bases, apologizing for Voltaire's Jew-hatred at the same time that he gives him credit for helping to liberate mankind—from what? Further, the Jewish section of the New York Public Library lists in its voluminous files at least a dozen cross-indexed references to Voltaire, but not one to Montesquieu. Why? Perhaps Mr. Hertzberg, who is a lecturer in history at Columbia University as well as a rabbi, will be able to apply his scholarship—and influence—to correct this sin of omission.

It would be churlish, however, to end these comments on a lame note. I am convinced that were Santayana alive he would hail this work as a triumph of historiography, for surely he taught us that he who doesn't learn from history is doomed to repeat it. That, in essence, is the meaning of Arthur Hertzberg's book. □

The Promise of Space
By Arthur C. Clarke
Harper, $8.95

OUTWARD TO THE PLANETS AND BEYOND

THOMAS H. JUKES

Arthur C. Clarke's book describes and documents the history, prospects and possibilities of space exploration and utilization from almost every conceivable aspect. He is a prolific author in this field; he has written at least seven nonfiction books and twelve works of fiction. He started on this career almost twenty years ago, which gives him many opportunities to say "I told you so" when cataloguing his feats of successful foresight.

The book is a treatise on the theory, history, technology and potentialities of

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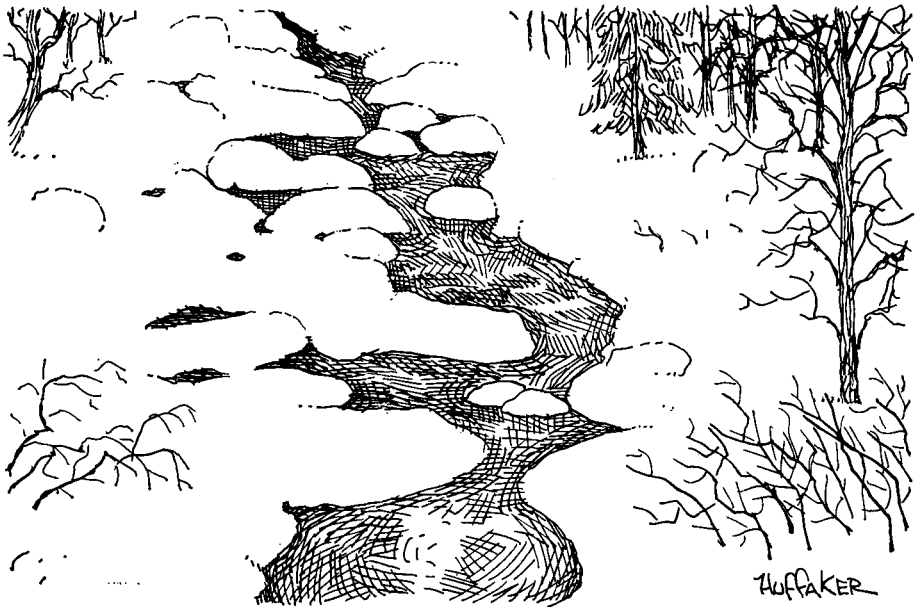
space travel. It is written clearly and in depth, and the wide array of subject matter is concisely organized into five sections dealing with the beginnings of the concept of space exploration, and with travel around the earth, moon, sun and universe. Illustrations are used liberally, as befits the subjects; there are 25 figures and 64 plates. The book is packed with facts and figures; many of the former are used to clarify explanations of planetary orbits, gravitational fields and the anatomy of rockets.

In the section "Beginnings," Clarke places Goddard as the second pioneer, in order of time, to Tsiolkovsky. However, Goddard was clearly first and in a class by himself as a brilliant and successful experimentalist, while Tsiolkovsky did not go beyond writing and model-building. "Around the Earth" describes recent history, from the V-2 to 1967, in a concise and absorbing account. One point is not clear: Why is the Sputnik rocket (Plate 7) labeled "Vostok"?

The next section deals with the moon. It takes a visit to Cape Kennedy to bring home an understanding of the immenseness of the human effort there. As Clarke points out, the Vehicle Assembly Building is the largest in the world, with 129 million cubic feet of space. The building, however, is figuratively dwarfed by the complexity of the operations that it houses, and by the unprecedented dimensions of the coordination of the technology that is concentrated within it. Three and a half miles away stands a Saturn V on its launch pad, straddling a trench that resembles an empty Panama Canal lock. The vehicle is topped by the space capsule; a finger that points to the moon. The Saturn V burns fifteen tons of fuel *per second* when it slowly lifts its six million pounds from the earth at a launching.

ONE REFLECTS. The human species is more than a million years old. What is there in our past that was like this? Why do men mount these colossal efforts?

For many centuries on Easter Island, the heads have stared out to sea. The monoliths of Stonehenge were brought across country, mile after mile, by brute force, but it was cunning that placed them in line to receive a message from the sun. Myriads of toilers erected the Pyramids, yet the past can swallow up such deeds; so that two vast



and trunkless legs of stone can stand where the low and level sands stretch far away. No such fate of desuetude is foreseen for the space program. Clarke correctly compares its growth with that of aeronautics. He uses the same comparison to predict a limitless future for space exploration, with the reservation that both of these technologies have potentials for destructive uses great enough to bring about the final catastrophe. But it is the trait of men to pool their skills and work together in harmony that, more than anything else, is the hallmark of the space program.

On page 170, is the following passage about the 3,000-ton "Crawler":

> I once noticed Representative George Miller, chairman of the House Committee on Astronautics, toying thoughtfully with the controls—and warned him not to try breaking the local speed limits, because Chief Justice Warren was standing right behind him.

The suggestion that the Chief Justice would function as an agent of law enforcement is possibly Mr. Clarke's longest flight into the wild improbabilities of science (or legal) fiction. George Miller's congressional immunity from prosecution was obviously never on firmer ground than at that moment.

Beyond the moon, Mr. Clarke's euphoria increases as he gets further and further away from the nagging of the terrestrial gravitational field. There are six chapters in the section "Around the Sun," and the imaginative interest of the book heightens as the author takes us beyond the asteroids to the giant outer planets. A shopworn quotation from Tennyson's unctuous verses unwelcomely appears on page 249 and there is an error on page 247; no bacteria can "live happily in boiling sulfuric acid," but this has no bearing on Clarke's speculations about extraterrestrial life. Then we are on our way to Alpha Centauri, using interstellar hydrogen in a fusion-powered ramjet engine; Mr. Clarke is on the firmer ground of his romantic métier, and gives us some fine reading.

Clarke rightly contends that the greatest contribution of the exploration of space is its effect on the minds of men. At times this may be a direct result; communications satellites have the potential of replacing, or bypassing, surface long-distance telephone networks. There are also indirect effects; space exploration awakens the imagination in all sorts of ways. Despite the fact that some of these have given rise to triteness that is almost too much to bear, all of us have been thrilled to see photographs of the granular soil on the moon's surface and the craters on Mars. The forward thrust in science and engineering that made these photographs possible is, however, known to only a few.

Now that Clarke's book has been published and the NASA budget has been slashed, what is the future of the U.S. space program? Like all the other great scientific achievements of this country, the space effort depends upon a stable government, upon the training and support of engineers and scientists, and upon the defeat of the current forces of nihilism and anarchy which are openly directed against technological civilization. Popular support of ex-

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ploration will not fail; it is bred in the bone. As Sir John Hunt said in 1954, of another mission:

> Before, during, and especially after the expedition, we received countless gifts and messages of good will and delight, in both prose and verse, from all over the world. . . . Very many of these messages were sent by children and young people. The ascent of Everest seems to have stirred the spirit of adventure latent in every human heart. □

THEATER

THE LIVING THEATRE'S DANCE OF DEATH

K. CRAIG CHAWKINS

The Brooklyn Academy of Music has generally been regarded as one of the more literate passions, one of the more civilized persuasions of that famous borough. Odd then, so it seems, and yet rather cunning in its fashion that here, of all places, in a local shrine dedicated to Excellence, Mr. Julian Beck and Miss Judith Malina gathered their little rosebuds in the form of the Living Theatre. Why odd you say? Because in its production of *Paradise Now* the Living Theatre has betrayed itself as being

a) intellectually paraplegic
b) aesthetically sophomoric and
c) philosophically so far beyond the fringe that one looks upon the Company as one would a convention of raving village idiots. Otherwise, I had a perfectly marvelous time.

The Becks (Miss Malina is in real life—if there is such a thing as real life—Mrs. Beck . . . if there is such a thing as Mr. Beck) and their carnival are a rather perversely amusing (in the same sense that a nuclear holocaust would be curiously, appallingly, perversely amusing) group of slobs—not quite the sort one would introduce to his ailing grandmother but nonetheless a most, uh, interesting collection.

As is obvious in *Paradise Now* the Company yearns fervidly for that final moment of orgiastic truth, for Revolution and the Coming of Anarchy. Up against the wall, you little bugger. Their response not only to institutionalized America *per se,* but to life itself —all the nuances, subtleties, *"les clouds"* which comprise the delicate virility of our being—is predicated upon raw animal emotion, gut reaction if you will. If there is war it is to be resisted, physically if need be, regardless of the fact that some war at some time might be, as it has been in the past and surely will be in the future, a simple matter of survival. If there is poverty one must rage against the rich, regardless of the fact that some of the poor might be to blame for their own condition and that some of the rich might be desperately committed to alleviating the pain and the anguish. If there is racism one must viciously attack the society in which it appears, regardless of the fact that racism, like poverty, is a relative term dependent upon specific historical conditions and aspirations. If there is life, it is to be assaulted. If there is a structure to human existence—a method through which one achieves representative government, an intrinsic concept of moral good in which the noble root their lives, an overarching view of intellectual continuity in which wisdom is acknowledged as the amalgam of the past and the presumption of the future; if there is all this and more—shapes, sizes, definitions, verities—then the structure and consequently human existence itself is inhibiting, restrictive and against the grain.

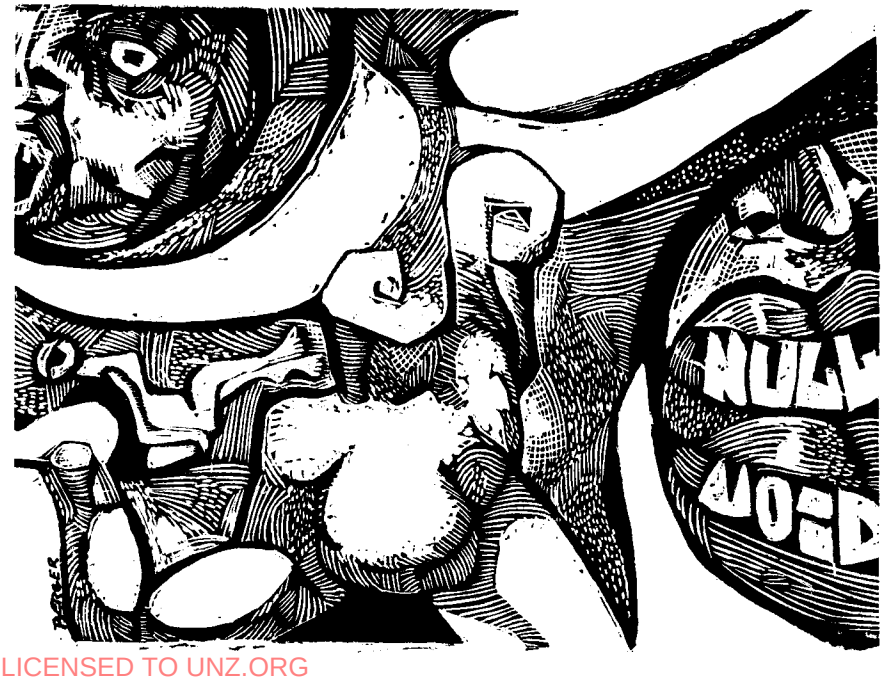
The Living Theatre, one must admit with an abiding gloom, is reflective of much on our native soil today, be it the uberstudentic Bolshevism of the SDS or the seething brew of militancy in the black power movement. Passions—ugly, base, cannibal passions—overwhelm reason, noise muffles language, slogans dominate thought and sirens are heard in the minds of men. That which is considered "liberation" is truly bondage; that which is called freedom is slavery. The undertow of the whole "Living" philosophy is the demeaning and perennial quest for natural, unhinged, hang-loose man—Plastic Man, Sponge Man.

THE "PERFORMANCE" (a word which, considering the event, refers only to the category of the experience) opens as the audience is reviled by the "actors" (another category, thank you) planted throughout the theater (this time, a real thing).

"I am not allowed to take off my clothes . . . I am not allowed to travel without a passport . . . I am not allowed to smoke marijuana."

I am not allowed, I am *not* allowed, I am not *allowed,* they moan. And while it all begins with a soft Gregorian serenity it builds to the kind of searing crescendo whereby the actors literally—literally—scream at the audience, at the theater, at themselves, at life. I Am Not Allowed!

Naturally since they are not "allowed" to indulge their heart's most vital bidding, what do you think they do? Why, what any red-blooded all-American lunatic would do under such trying circumstances. First, off come



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the clothes, exposing to the not terribly interested audience an assortment of the most uninspiring caved-in chests, nothing-to-brag-about boobs, and generally bubonic bodies this side of Calcutta. Then they drift around the theater up and down north and south (sans passport of course) and I'll be damned if I didn't smell something just a bit incensetuous. Well, after all this they just straddle around and stare diligently into what I presume is the Unknowing Void. Languor, inertia, exhaustion capture their bodies and their minds and they wait and we wait and the whole wide wonderful System waits.

"Will somebody turn on the air-conditioning? It's too hot and I can't stand it."

And someone else in the audience, a two-finger victory sign spawning from his fist, cries, "Nixon's The One!"

We wait, they wait, he, she or it waits. Tick-tock goes the clock.

What follows after much shambling, scrounging and guggling around is the sort of thing one sees in some of the more gargantuan drool that has come out of Hollywood with the casts of multi-thousands. Mob scenes. This time, however, nobody—not even the transcendent Becks—knows what to do with the mob. So everybody yells. Isn't that nice? The point being, of course, that in an unstructured environment, in which events are matters of circumstance, contrivance, chance, or impulse rather than ordered determination, in which coherence is to be regarded as misguided at best and fascist-repressive at worst, in which form exists only in the sense that one lives physically, choreographically—only then does man enjoy true freedom or as they would say, "liberation" and "spontaneity." Anarchy is Paradise; Man is Now.

It is not long, however, before the novelty of this circus of the freaks begins to dull and tarnish. A young actor just returned from some neighborhood out-patient clinic, I'm quite sure, swoops spastically across the stage and feigns what amounts to a violent epileptic seizure; a filthy young woman with a baby on her breast shrieks out the most hideous and nauseating vulgarities and then fondles her poor crying infant; a slobbering couple rip off one another's clothing and the foul smell of naked bodies infects the air. What began as dalliance ends as death. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SENATOR, *by Drew Pearson (Doubleday, $6.95).* I can't help it. I kinda liked *The Senator.* It's the Drew Pearson novel in which, would you believe, a crooked senator has expense accounts and indulges in ungentle bribery; the evidence of same is stolen from his files by a recently discharged floozy-type secretary; and turned over to a crusading columnist who blows the whistle on the operation. The senator is subsequently censured by his peers. Thomas Dodd, James Boyd, Drew Pearson. Well, think again. The senator is about the only likable character in the book and the peeping-tom journalist is a crude, lewd and vulgar loudmouth, with hardly a redeeming feature. Everything's a little larger than life, and a little overdrawn, but, by and large, Pearson's flyer into fiction is successful. Perhaps because that's what he's been writing all along.

P. L. BUCKLEY

EXPANSION AND COEXISTENCE: *The History of Soviet Foreign Policy, 1917-67, by Adam B. Ulam (Praeger, $12.95).* Because he does not think the principles of Marxism-Leninism are logically applicable to the world today, Ulam supposes that the leaders of the Soviet Union (whom he insists on calling "the Russians") have abandoned them. He pictures Moscow as weary of expansion. Brezhnev, sensible and rational, is seen busily engaged in a search for world stability. Ulam imagines the Communists as just another bunch of politicians—something like Kennedy or Wilson—with similar thought processes and similar goals. These flaws are fatal to Ulam's otherwise very careful study of a half-century of Soviet foreign policy. If the Communists shared the world view of Harvard professors, the world would be different and even rather like that which Ulam describes. But Brezhnev and his colleagues are products of a different system and profess a different world view. They are hardheaded products of a strenuous ideological training. They do not abandon that ideology because it is unrealistic. As Cuba, Czechoslovakia, and hundreds of other examples have shown, they don't adjust the ideology to reality—they change reality. Ulam's work is of some factual value. It's his assumptions and interpretations that are invalid, and they make his book an expensive curiosity rather than the solid scholarly contribution it might have been.

W. D. JACOBS

THE POVERTY OF LIBERALISM, *by Robert Paul Wolff (Beacon Press, $5.95).* Most radicals long ago concluded with Marx that philosophers have only interpreted the world, while the point is to change it. Dominated by a sense of estrangement from an alien and corrupt world, radicals have been less concerned to know reality than to repress it. Eternal or temporal things implying limits on man's creativity must be cashiered—violently if necessary—and replaced by the dream of a perfected society to be erected within history. Continuing the polemic of radical literature, Wolff scorns the usual turgid clichés and exposes, in an often masterly way, the internal defects of a politics premised on J. S. Mill's notions of utility. Wolff censures the liberal's defined hedonism because it is not an adequate vehicle for fully human life—or permanent revolution. Closing politics to an order rooted in knowledge of reality, he speaks with chilling nonchalance of the "wholesale reconstruction" of society. Liberalism once tried to transform man; but, having lost its revolutionary aspirations, it must be downed, before the "magic word 'socialism'" can open the gate to the City of Man.

P. C. BEACH

CONCERNS OF A CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRAT, *by Charles Sawyer (Southern Illinois University, $10.00).* A conservative in Harry Truman's cabinet would seem like a contradiction in terms—and it is. Despite random cloves of concern about private enterprise and individual rights, the "conservatism" of Charles Sawyer, Ohio politico, FDR's ambassador to Belgium and Luxembourg and Truman's Secretary of Commerce, is well masked by dedicated service to the New Deal-Fair Deal mystique. Nevertheless, this heavy memoir—well annotated by Eugene P. Trani—is a candid, often interesting account of a politician's progress from the ward to the world. At best, Commerce is not one of the glamor drawers in the cabinet. At worst, it is a pigeonhole of obscurity, where "thank you's" are as rare as feature interviews and one is always on target for disgruntled snipers. No one would call Sawyer a great cabinet member, but he was competent—which puts him several rungs above the late average. Still, Sawyer is no conservative, unless one turns the political spectrum very hard to starboard. Conservatism, as a philosophy, has come so far since the Fair Deal days (being no longer an epithet) that it is blazoned on dust jackets as a plus for sales. But, despite PR, one still can't tell a book by its cover. The most intriguing part, to this reviewer, of *Concerns* is Sawyer's wartime tenure as ambassador to Belgium and Luxembourg. His account is interesting, not for "insights" into the character of giants who strode Flanders at the time, but rather as a journal of the infighting of victors and the tribulations of being one thing to all men—the representative of the United States of America. By contrast, as HST's Secretary of Commerce, Sawyer was less his own man and more of an executive appendage.

J. D. KIRWAN

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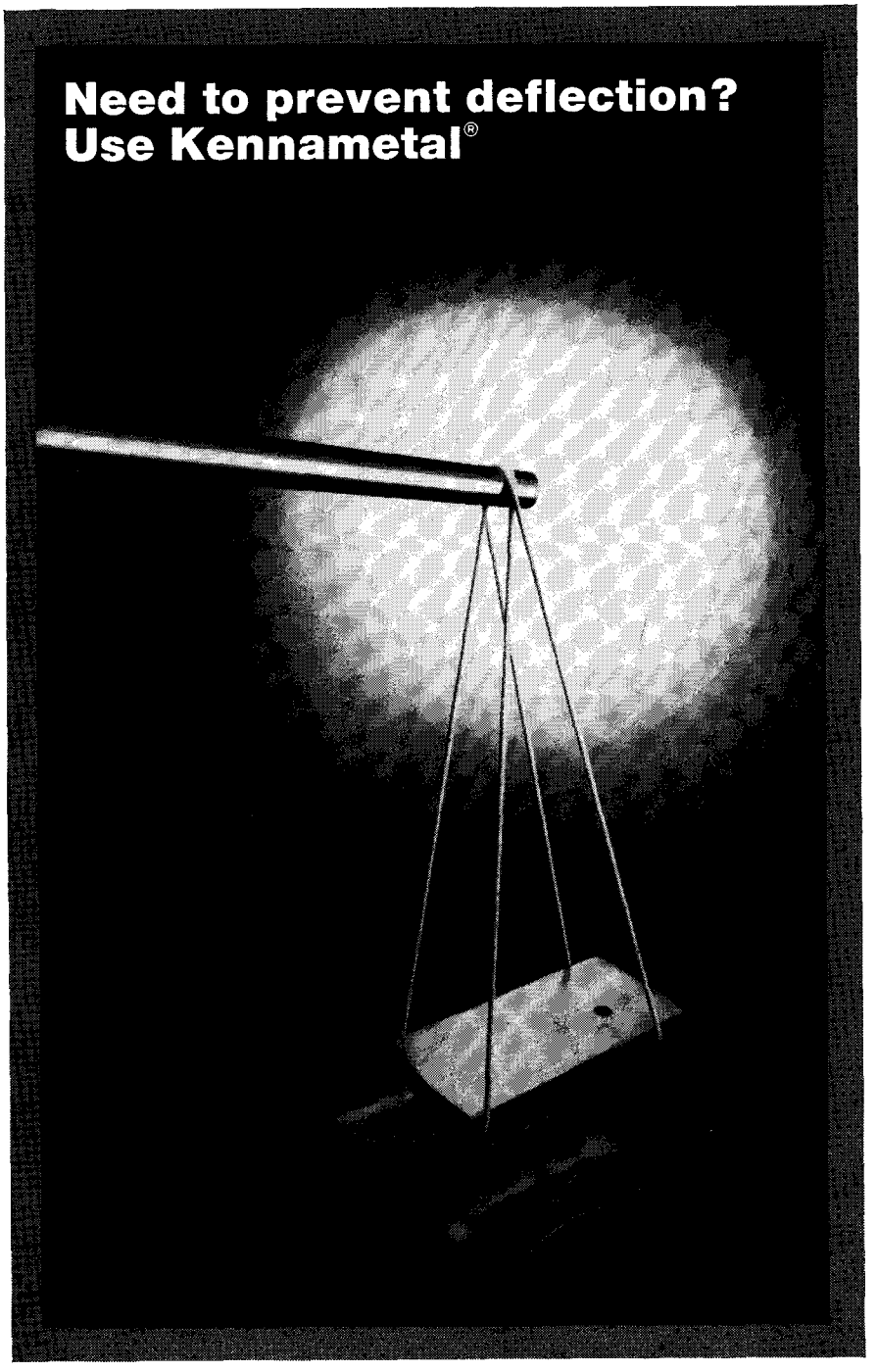

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LETTERS

(cont. from p. 1303)

aware of movies as more than ephemeral entertainments, NATIONAL REVIEW should consider giving more regular space to Richard Corliss' film criticisms. It is to your credit that any space at all is given, but is, say, two out of three issues too much to ask? Kael, Kauffmann, and Simon, our three best critics, all write for liberal magazines. It would be a somewhat prestigious feather in your cap to employ a man who might someday be their equal.

Oak Park, Ill. C. GREGORY GALASSINI

The Ratburger Syndrome

Thank you, thank you C. H. Simonds for your wonderful treatise on the White Castle hamburger ["With Crisco and Gas Pains for All"] in the Dec. 3 issue of *NR*!

On dull summer nights no greater pleasure was found by my merry comrades and me than to drive to our local White Castle (labeled by such witty appellations as Chateau Blanc, or Ratburger Heaven) and there consume at least five apiece, marveling all the while at their amazing creamy consistency. Paying off the sullen-faced carhop named Babe, we would then drag off into the night . . . knowing that though our repast might be finished, the distinctive taste of Ratburgers would linger on the palate for hours. (Belch!) Ah, youth! And how heartening to find yet another kindred soul!

Pittsburgh, Pa. MARY AMBROSE

I resent C. H. Simonds' omission of the Woolworth hot dog: $.10. The meat was unexceptional, but the bun and relish!

The only wriggly chuff.

Arlington, Va. GORDON S. JONES

The Great Smog Escape

Is John Keefauver just a pen name for someone like George Orwell? Keefauver's "Henry Littlefinger" [Dec. 3] was very entertaining, to say the least. The sad thing is that no one really gives a damn about the future problem smog will present. Oh, a few people do, but they are a minority. The legislation proposed at present looks good but that is about it. I already have asthma, but I guess I'll die with a smile, if I continue to read your remarkable magazine (whether or not I become a conservative).

Niagara Falls, N.Y. MARK C. KENNEDY

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

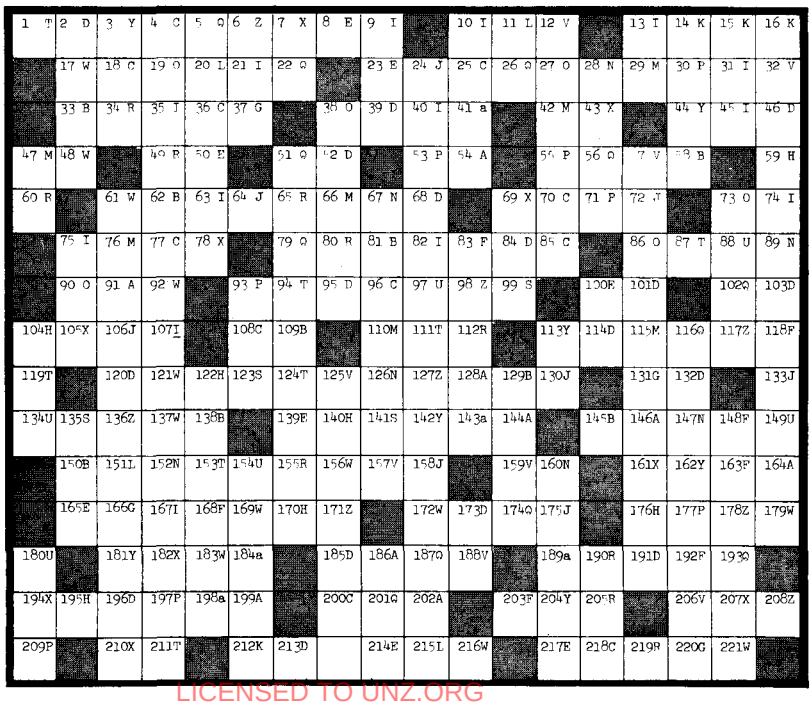
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. General, American Revolution; first Secretary of War	91 199 128 144 202 164 54 186 146
B. Not invested with a fief or fee	62 58 109 129 150 33 81 145 138
C. Pamphleteer, American Revolution	85 96 108 200 18 25 70 218 4 36 77
D. One of the works of WORD C	95 2 68 103 120 132 101 39 191 196 213 84 114 173 185 46 52
E. Where every generation of Americans has marched	100 165 217 50 214 23 8 139
F. One of the original United States	100 165 217 50 214 23 8 139
G. One of the men Harding defeated for the Republican nomination, 1920	131 220 166 37
H. A town in New Zealand	140 122 176 195 104 170 99 59
I. A fair weather warrior to whom WORD C referred	9 35 40 63 75 45 107 31 82 10 13 21 74
J. Mercenaries used during American Revolution	175 106 130 133 64 24 72 158
K. When was the Declaration of Independence written?	212 14 15 16
L. A mini-state in the Pacific	20 11 151 167 215

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. An old French dance	29 66 76 110 42 47 115
N. Where WORD J was defeated in WORD K	126 152 147 28 67 160 89
O. To get the better of by superior ingenuity or cleverness	73 86 90 19 27 38
P. The substitution of a new obligation for an old one	197 71 55 93 30 53 177 209
Q. Holiday on which we recall a Revolutionary War battle	102 26 79 51 116 174 187 201 5 22 56 193
R. What our first war was called	112 80 219 34 155 190 205 49 60 65
S. Frequently	135 123 141
T. A deep vessel used in feeding babies and invalids	153 211 124 94 119 1 111 87
U. To calm	180 88 97 149 134 154
V. Completeness	188 32 159 57 125 157 206 12
W. Where WORD N is situated	17 92 137 169 172 183 216 48 61 121 156 179 221
X. An artificially made dwarf, supposedly produced in a flask by an alchemist	182 43 7 69 78 194 207 161 210 105
Y. Town in England, east of Doncaster	204 113 44 162 3 181 142
Z. Suffered a break	208 127 178 6 136 98 117 171
a. Picked out; chosen	41 189 143 198 184

See page 1338 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the realtive word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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FOLEY

(cont. from p. 1327)

hours. Round we go, blowing our trumpets and whistles. Romans really need no excuse to make noise, but when they get one, they take it.

Originally, the weapon used was a mini-broomstick, to remind one of Befana's means of conveyance, but progress has made the colored club *de rigueur*. Shaped like a baseball bat and hollow, it can deliver a hefty blow. After the first twenty you don't notice.

Befana Day itself is devoted to the *vigili urbani*, Rome's traffic policemen. (They're both in the transport business.) The wooden platforms on which the traffic cops stand are piled with an amazing collection of gifts from drivers and manufacturers and Roman shopkeepers. Cartons of *panettoni* (festive fruit cake), flasks of wine, gallons of olive oil, Vespas, toys for their children, a 500 automobile from Fiat. It's a way of advertising—the big firms buy space in the press to congratulate them on the size of their this year's gift. It's also a placatory piece of homage from driver to traffic cop: for one day of every year, at least, you may drive without fear of a ticket.

So it goes on. Maybe it was on your matchbox too, but Chateaubriand once said: "Whoever has nothing left in life should come to live in Rome." Get bottoed. □

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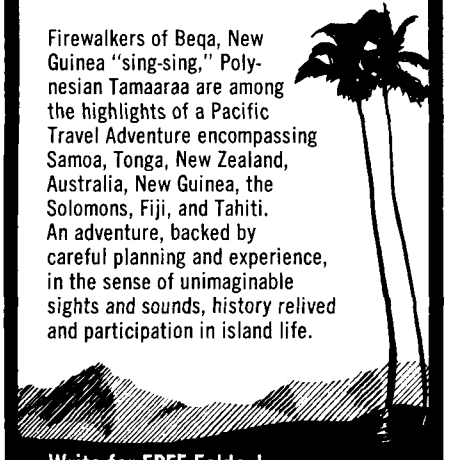

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COYNE

(cont. from p. 1323)

week and the *New York Times*, a paper that did its best to slander him during the campaign) were best suited, Agnew is supposed to have said, to line the bottoms of birdcages.

Since the press had been excluded from the meeting at which these comments were allegedly made, one wonders just how newsmen heard about them. But that is a subject for another article, as is the truth of the remarks. The important thing is that newsmen finally had a story they could get their teeth into, as Governor Agnew soon discovered. The first question at his subsequent news conference struck to the heart of the matter: "Governor, would you care to talk about birdcages?" Excitement swept through the press corps. Reporters sat straighter, pencils poised, hangovers and indigestion momentarily forgotten. "Birdcages provided no part of my formal presentation this morning," Mr. Agnew said as politely as he could, "and frankly I'm amazed that it would come up at an occasion as serious as this." The newsmen know their duty to the public, however, and they would not let the matter drop. Thus Governor Agnew's incisive and thoughtful statements on major issues were brushed aside by many reporters, most of whom seemed intent on trying to steer him back to the more important issue of birdcages. And when the conference ended, there was a rush to telephones and typewriters to transmit the birdcage story. People reading the next day's papers must have assumed that this formed the only real substance of Mr. Agnew's remarks.

Despite what seemed a significant shift in Republican political philosophy, then, despite the suspense generated by pending cabinet appointments, and despite the impressive new sense of party unity which set the tone for the conference, newsmen chose to write about birdcages. Reporters seem to like to think of themselves as teachers of the public, and perhaps Agnew-baiting in some mysterious way serves the best interests of a divided American people. There are doubters, of course, and a skeptic assigned to write an article on the 1968 meeting of the Republican Governors Association might begin his piece by saying: "While the ghettos burned, newsmen spoke of birdcages." But this is cynical. What is really more important and newsworthy, after all, than a birdcage? □

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Mr. Hayden's Older Kids

On The Right

New York, Dec. 14—The day's news brings a report on the interrogation of Mr. Tom Hayden by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Mr. Hayden is a co-founder of the Students for a Democratic Society, and its principal guru, and he was in Washington to tell the Committee (obscenely, of course—you wouldn't want to suspect him of adopting middle-class values) that it is silly and no-good, and that America hasn't seen anything of student rioting, wait till the kids grow up who are now seven and eight years old—the best argument for infanticide since King Herod's.

Mr. Hayden's older kids aren't doing so bad. Last week at the University of Wisconsin four hundred students gathered to hear a discussion on South Africa. At the meeting's opening, a student rose from the rear of the auditorium and asked the crowd whether it chose to hear the speakers, the majority said no, so the invited speakers, one of them an American expert on South Africa, another the South African Director of Information, were jeered off the platform. A third speaker, a former South African who left his country in protest against the lack of freedom there for the Bantu, refused to speak, giving as his reason that he saw no more reason to tolerate a lack of freedom of speech in America than he did in South Africa.

THE MODERATOR of the program told a reporter that he found the students' behavior understandable. Why? Because, he said, the black students at the University of Wisconsin should have been consulted about the program. And black South Africans had been invited to speak only eighteen hours before the conference was scheduled to begin. Get it? It is "understandable" for students to break up a meeting, to jeer off the platform, unheard, invited guests: when such a meeting is set up without direct consultation with the black students at the university.

If one applies these rules rigorously then no Republican would be permitted to speak without first consulting campus Democrats. Perhaps as we become more familiar with African history, no anti-South African speaker from the Pondo tribe will be permitted to speak without consulting local Zulus. One contrasts the treatment of Robert Kennedy in South Africa with the treatment of a South African at an allegedly civilized American campus.

I met Professor George Kennan a couple of weeks ago and he told me that he had given up speaking at campuses before general audiences because "I have grown too old for riotous demonstrations." Mr. Kennan is not all that old, which is his way of sharpening the point, one supposes. And sure enough, one sees in the news: "Kennan Analysis/Coolly Received."

The headline refers to a speech delivered the night before by Professor Kennan to the illustrious gathering in Princeton of intellectuals from all over the world who are supposed to instruct Mr. Nixon on how to conduct himself, the nation, and the world. Mr. Kennan spoke rather pessimistically about the way in which America has been squaring off to some of its problems, including the "good portion of our student youth [who are] floundering around as it is in its own terrifying wilderness of drugs, pornography, and political hysteria."

Lillian Hellman, the playwright who used to express herself politically by joining Mr. Stalin's little front organizations, and who declined in 1952 to say whether or not she was a Communist, jumped to her feet in protest and said that she wondered just how two people such as Mr. Kennan and herself could have come from the ranks of the same generation. She defended the young students Mr. Kennan had criticized as far better people than her own generation had been, notwithstanding their foibles, adding, "Since when is youth not allowed to be asses?" To which the embarrassed company did not make the obvious comment that surely for at least as long as old ladies are allowed to be asses.

In San Diego a Professor at the University of California writes that one of the reasons why the protesters have got hold of the colleges is because of the extraordinary imbalance of opinion among the faculty. At UCSD, he said, "the faculty is composed of 95 per cent registered Democrats and 5 per cent Republicans." Talk about participatory democracy! The liberal Left doesn't know how to cope with students who announce in the name of freedom that two speakers on South Africa will not be free to speak. And those who listen to George Kennan do not know how to react to his wisdom, other than angrily, unbelieving, self-deceiving. □

LBJ PACKS UP

New York, Dec. 16—We read these days about Lyndon Johnson's staggered goodbyes to his many staffs. The other day it was the gardeners at the White House, then the Secret Service men, then the telephone operators, and so on. Truly he is sorry to go, and desires to extract as much ceremony as he can out of the painful act of separation, like John McCormack, who made something like six world tours in order adequately to bid his fans adieu.

It is more than punctilio that moves the President. Nor is he by nature given to preoccupation with those little attentions to which an altogether different kind of man is given. Lyndon Johnson's favors are conceived on a far grander scale, and it is no doubt supremely galling to him that he leaves office lonely, unloved, and discredited, after giving us the Great Society, which he defined in a speech in 1964 as a society concerned more for the quality of its goals than for the quality of its goods.

THERE NEVER WAS a man, never in all of history, who conferred such prodigious favors on his subjects. I beg you to be patient as I catalogue the programs passed during Mr. Johnson's reign because although like any list it is tedious, still, it is hard to grasp the appetite of the government under Mr. Johnson to look after us unless one ploughs through it. The whole of it is costing $25 billion per year, which is two and one half times as much as Ike

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was spending at the end there, and over twice as much as JFK was spending.

Under LBJ we got: anti-poverty programs, mass transportation bills, model cities help, rent supplements, crime control, anti-segregation acts, voting acts, housing acts, communication relations act, acts on water and air pollution, on waste, roads, recreation and parks, on meal and poultry and fabrics and farm prices, on truth in lending, on fair packaging, on electronic radiation, on traffic, aid for elementary schools, for higher education, for teacher corps, aid to the poor, adult education, job opportunity training, the job corps, business aid, aid for Appalachia, an increase in the minimum wage, medicare for the elderly, medicaid for the non-elderly, doctors' training, nurses' training, mental health, immunization, health centers, and child health.

A few questions suggest themselves:

1) How is it that the people are so dissatisfied? I mean those among the people who are critical of the government for not spending more? Is it as easy as this, that if one can find a single poor family, or derelict building, or a contaminated creek, or an illiterate child, the government has not spent as much money as it ought to?

2) Why is it that so many observers of government have chosen this moment to disavow government spending as an efficacious means of bringing about a socially desirable end, such as the diminution of poverty? Was it Johnson's handling of the money; or is the problem inherent in government spending?

And 3) Do the people feel as much better off—as much more secure—as one would expect that they should, as beneficiaries of goods and services valued at approximately $1,250 per family? Granted, the wiser among them realize that the money Johnson gave them was the same money Johnson took away from them: still, were there enough people who calculated that after all is said and done, they managed not only to get their own back, but also a little of their neighbor's?

IF NOT, 4) Could it be that under Johnson we came finally to the end of the period exultantly memorialized by Harry Hopkins who thought he had the perpetual key to political success when he announced: Tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect?

All of which, in Mr. Johnson's case, reduced him, at the prime of his life, to ceremonial leavetakings at the White House whose staff probably value more highly the little bauble the President left them, than all these splendors of the Great Society which left America cold. □

MR. NIXON'S DILEMMA

New York, Dec. 22 — It has been widely remarked that there is no Negro in Mr. Nixon's cabinet. Yet Mr. Nixon did everything but run want-ads in the newspapers in his search for a qualified Negro to accept a cabinet appointment. But no one of stature would serve. Why? Because, the story was the same everywhere, to associate with the Nixon Administration would be to lose one's authority within the Negro movement; would be taken, in a word, as betrayal: as if a Jew had accepted membership in the cabinet of Adolf Hitler.

This is a terribly serious development The consolidation of the Negro vote, which goes now regularly to the Democrats with a margin of more than 90 per cent, is in one sense understandable. The whole notion of black power demands the maximization of political leverage, and this always is done by voting for one of the two parties, the better to secure one's bargaining position. It is lamentable, but so is life: the Irish in Boston crawled out of abjection on the shoulders of the Democratic Party.

But what is going on is graver than the conventional consolidation of an interest group around a single party. It is the notion that the other party is The Enemy. As recently as in 1960, Mr. Nixon took over 30 per cent of the Negro vote. Now it is different. Now, with the general escalation of the rhetoric, the effort is consistently made to suggest that the Republicans are racists, from which obviously it follows that it is an act of betrayal to serve in a Republican government.

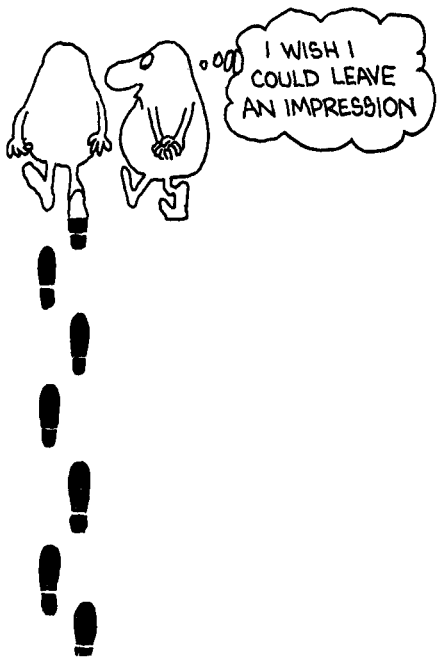
Consider, for instance, Jackie Robinson, the baseball player who along the way decided he was really born to play Walter Lippmann. When Mr. Nixon was nominated in Miami, Jackie Robinson called a news conference to announce that "we" "can't tolerate a ticket which is racist in nature." And he added that "If Nixon wins, people will be so frustrated there will be the most horrible riots in all our major cities."

Now it is fortunate that the cities do not yet riot at the beckoning of Jackie Robinson, but it is significant that the indulgence of such as Jackie Robinson by such as Nelson Rockefeller advances the polarization which is responsible for the dilemma of Richard Nixon. On the one hand there are the Black Panthers and the Black Muslims, urging all black men to hate all white men. On the other are genteel liberals who permit Jackie Robinson to say with impunity, "I am first of all a Negro, then an American, then a Republican"; who denounce as racist a Republican ticket headed by a man who served eight years as Vice President of the United States and who backed every civil rights bill that came along, who breached protocol in order to congratulate Earl Warren on the desegregation decision.

The cumulative efforts of such as Jackie Robinson and Eldridge Cleaver and Elijah Muhammad are deeply and mysteriously dangerous. One sees the child-like Cassius Clay, a man of the gentlest personal instincts, genuinely seized with religious fervor by the charismatic Elijah Muhammad, calmly pronouncing that all white men are devils. How much easier it is to believe such mischievous drivel when at the respectable end of the Negro spectrum the Jackie Robinsons are renouncing idealistic Republican leaders as racists: no wonder that Whitney Young, offered a cabinet position whence he could significantly contribute to the prestige and welfare of his people, is scared off.

WHOSE FAULT is it? It is surely the fault primarily of white opportunists who when they fail to censure distortion and injustice, cause them to thrive, If we had heard from Nelson Rockefeller (to give an example) and, say, the *New York Times*, in emphatic denunciation of the extremities of Jackie Robinson, a significant effort would have been made to isolate the gentleman's depravities. So that, upon the election of Mr. Nixon, the Negro community might have sighed that the better man from its point of view had not won; but that by all means, any Negro whose services were solicited, should do what he could to help the President of the United States and the Republic. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's almost '69 and the politicos are having at it in New York State. Will it be **Arthur Goldberg** (labor would support him), **Stephen Smith** (the big Kennedy revival?), or **Robert Wagner** (here come the old line Democrats) to run against **John Lindsay?** Everyone seems to think Lindsay can be beaten (but who wants the job?). Latest unofficial poll shows Lindsay's popularity with rank-and-file New Yorkers at new low. . . . To add to Lindsay's woes, says the *Daily News'* astute **Edward O'Neill,** Lindsay and his liberal cohorts (but not friends) **Jacob Javits** and **Nelson Rockefeller** are in Outsville with the new Administration. Says O'Neill: "Nixon made up his cabinet without Advice or Consent of the big three Republicans of New York State" which served them right, and nothing "is what these three gents can expect to get from Washington in the next four years." . . . According to **Victor Riesel**, President **Johnson** never did intend to appoint **Arthur Goldberg** Chief Justice. He says story was a plant to make trouble between Nixon and LBJ.

■ About the losers: Sen. **Thomas Kuchel** of California, beaten by **Max Rafferty** in the primary, has joined a law firm headed by another disappointed politico, **Eugene Wyman**, former Democratic National Committeeman from California. . . . Sen. **Edward Long**, who was defeated, says he's just as glad: "I actually wanted to be governor all along." He'll run for governor of Missouri in '72, he says. . . . It's rumored, but no one much is buying, that former Gov. **Pat Brown** of California will take on conservative Democratic Mayor **Sam Yorty** of Los Angeles in '69. A couple of liberal congressmen, **Alphonzo Bell** chief among them, are angling for the assignment. . . . Rep. **Frances Bolton** (R., Ohio), retired by the voters at 82, will not get her retirement pay. "I chose not to take part in the congressional retirement program," she said. "I'll feel much happier not receiving a pension from the people of the United States. They've already done so much for me." . . . Columnist **Morrie Ryskind** suggests we could all save a lot of time if "we started impeachment procedures against Richard Nixon" right now.

■ Getting tough on the student front. Gov. **Ronald Reagan** has had it. He says the time has come for "the police to ring the campuses" if that's what they must do to keep the schools running. Reagan suggests further that "concerted plans [be made] to get rid of those professors who've made it apparent that they are far more interested in closing the schools than in fulfilling their contracts to teach." . . . Acting Pres. **Hayakawa** of San Francisco State says student agitators there are largely "turned on." "They are on speed, methedrine, marijuana and a number of other things." . . . Hayakawa, incidentally, has gotten an assist from Chicago insurance man **W. Clement Stone** who has hired a pr firm to help Hayakawa in his dealings with the press. . . . Chicagoans are aware of what a bad press can do. A bunch of them, Concerned Citizens of Chicago, have raised money to run fullpage ads in *Washington Post*, *N. Y. Times* etc. urging people to read the *whole* Walker report on the Chicago, not just the scare headlines.

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"It costs more to forge a pound than it's worth!"

■ Back in the news: Rabblerouser Father **Charles Coughlin**, the "Radio Priest" of the Thirties: in a 54-page pamphlet "Helmet and Sword" he has attacked liberal priests and bishops who "want to upset **Pope Paul.**" . . . Father **Philip Berrigan**, out on bail while appealing his latest conviction for destroying draft records, visibly annoyed that his bishop will not allow him to return to his parish in West Baltimore. . . . South African-born folksinger **Miriam Makeba** complaining that she has gotten no radio, TV or night club engagements since her wedding to **Stokely Carmichael** in April. . . . **Rap Brown**, at *Guardian* 20th Anniversary dinner, indicated **Eldridge Cleaver** was out of the country, said he, Brown, would never abandon the revolution and leave.

■ And a Yuletide note from **Chairman Mao**, as imprinted on a Chinese Christmas card that went on sale in Hong Kong last week: "Even those with a firm foundation in Marxism and proletarian struggle must never cease trying to increase their knowledge."

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Were you in love with Carole Lombard?

Remember "the world's greatest checker player"...Wally Warfield Simpson, who "jumped two men and got a king"?

REMEMBER AUTOGIROS?

Remember how you felt the first time you got on a conga line?

Remember how Mel Ott used to fling his foot in the air before he brought the wood around? Remember the Fatty Arbuckle trials? And when Charlie Chaplin married Paulette Goddard?

Remember zoot suits with a reet pleat?

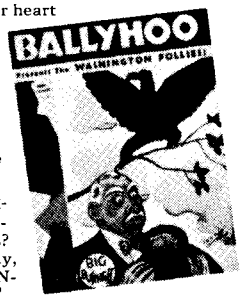
And "brevity is the soul of lingerie"? Who was the better horn player, Harry or Bix? Some say Satchmo was the greatest of them all. Remember the flappers from Greenwich Village, who wore short, short skirts and *nothing* underneath?

Tell the truth: didn't you even TRY to make booze in the bathtub? Did you get to see the Trylon and the Perisphere? Remember how you waited all week for **Bank Night?** Did *you* have a lever on your dashboard marked **FREE WHEELING IN?** Remember lace corsets? The Black Bottom? The Big Apple? Remember "Quick Henry, the Flit!"? Shoveling coal?

Remember the flagpole sitters? Peaches and Daddy Browning? Did *you* ever tell a date, "Thanks for the buggy ride"? (Not if he was a secondhand hunk of cheese; *then* you told him to go fly a kite.)

Whatever *did* happen to Judge Crater? (Maybe they should have called in the Thin Man.) **Were you afraid to go see KING KONG?** Remember Mae West in *Night After Night?* ("She stole everything but the cameras," muttered George Raft after a preview.)

Try hard . . . and maybe you can still hear the musical moan of Bob Burns' original bazooka. Or Andy Devine's washboard voice. **Remember Wallace Beery?** Mable Normand? Fay Wray? Or the way your heart swelled when Nelson Eddy sang "Stout-Hearted Men"? Remember "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round"... "A Tisket, A Tasket"... "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie"... "In a Cottage Small by a Waterfall"? Of course you remember Wee Bonnie Baker. And Benny and the Quartet, the first time they invaded Carnegie Hall! Did *you* play the ukelele?



Remember yo-yo tournaments? Remember *The Literary Digest? Collier's? Ballyhoo? Vanity Fair?*

Were you a jitterbug? Remember those magazine cover ads: "It's Toasted". "They Satisfy". Remember your father's fountain pen? Nickel hot dogs? Two-bit hair cuts? Or "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly, K-E-Double-L-Y??" Remember movies that were CONTINUED NEXT WEEK? **Remember the ice man?**

Remember Valentino? The Cotton Club? "It"? Remember "Ask Me Another"? *Were you a jazz baby?* Wouldn't *you* like to meet the poor shrimp who sat playing the banjo in the back of Just Plain Bill's barber shop?

Remember the Toonerville Trolley, Toots and Casper, Mush Stebbins, Little Mary Mixup? Was *your* birthday announced on Uncle Don?

Has there ever been anything in this world like Near Beer? Remember how we all idolized the Brown Bomber! The Lone Eagle! The Lone Ranger! Yes... and REMEMBER TUNING IN... to *Amos 'n Andy*: *"I'se Regusted!"* Joe Penner: "Wanna buy a duck?" Rudy Vallee: "Heigh Ho Everybody". Major Bowes: "All right! All right! Bong!" Remember Vic and Sade? Allen's Alley? Stoopnagle and Budd? "Buck Benny rides again"?

Remember the Silly Symphonies? Or: "She was only a doctor's daughter, but my how she operated." Remember running boards? Rumble seats? Roadsters? *Remember When? It was silly and mostly nonsense, but it was a laugh a minute. And there hasn't been anything like it since. Now it's all back again... waiting for you as a Charter Member of the NOSTALGIA CLUB!*

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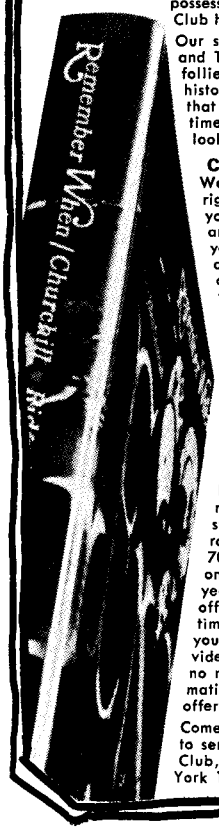

"THE PAST," said some cakeater, "is all we truly possess." And the past is all the Nostalgia Book Club has to offer.

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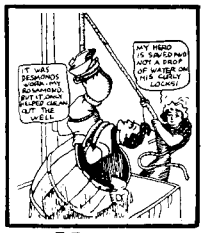
Come on, make some whoopee. It's a cinch to send in the coupon to the Nostalgia Book Club, 525 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801. Don't be a dodo.


IT WAS BEGINNING AGAIN—MY BEGINNING! BUT THIS TIME I'D CUT OUT THE WEEDS!
MY HEAD IS SPLITTING! NOT A DROP OF WATER ON THIS GUILTY LOCKS!

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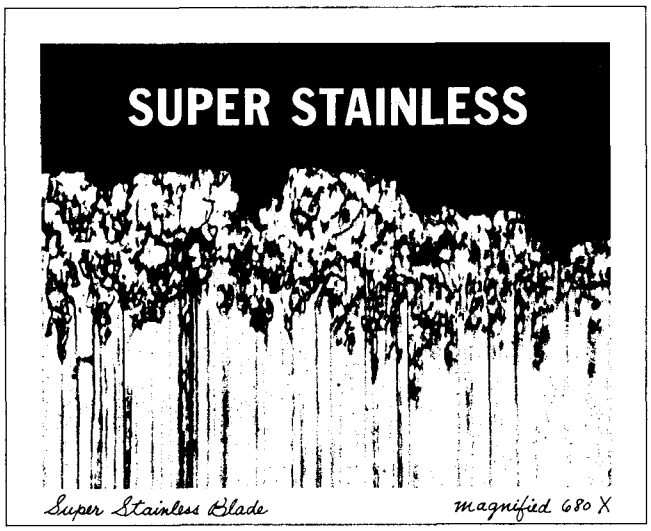
All super stainless razor blades are obsolete.



All super stainless blades are subject to corrosion. This, for instance, is a section of a super stainless edge with a plastic coating, after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.

This is a section of the new Krona-Chrome plastic-coated chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

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